

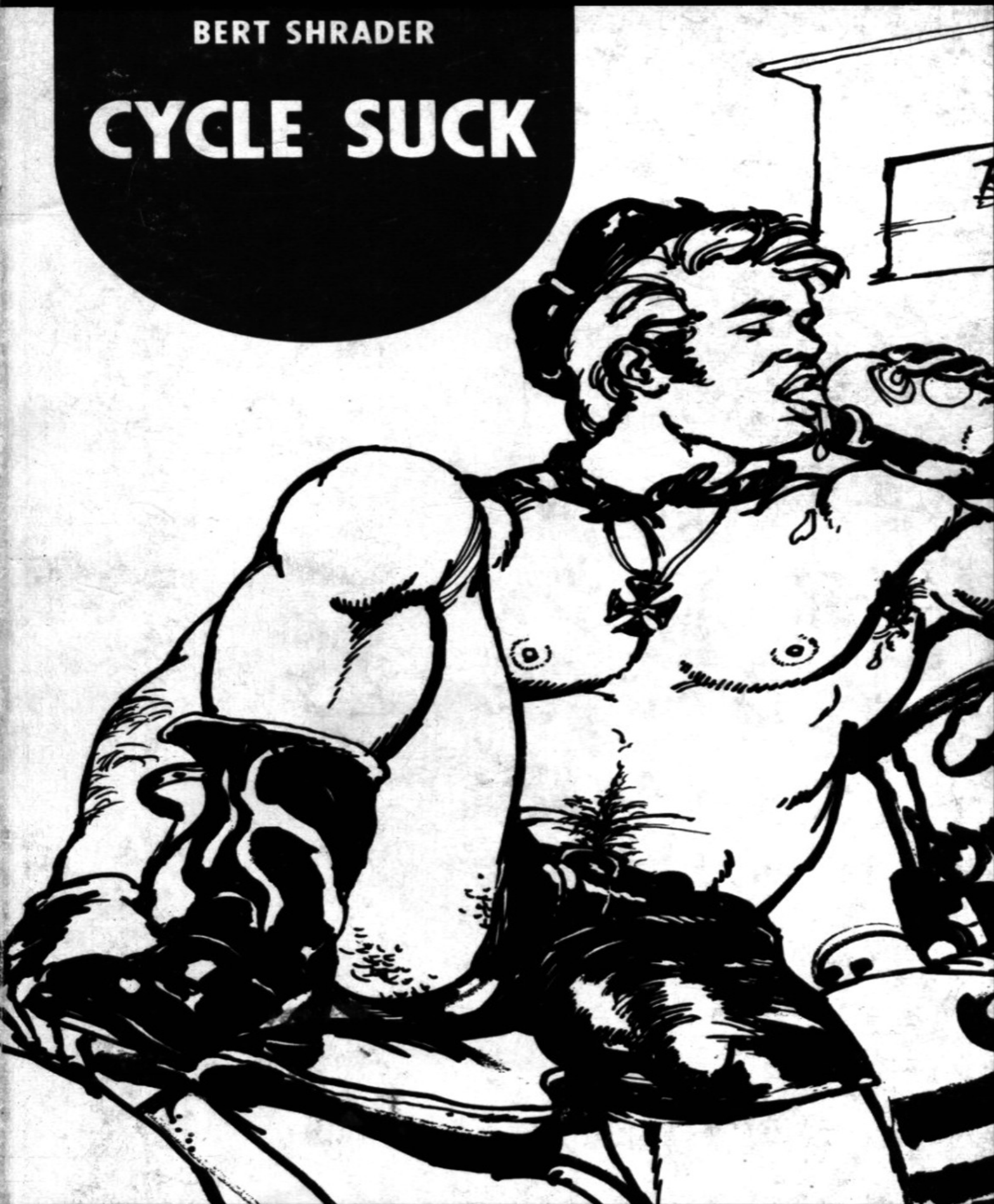


MH433

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BERT SHRADER

CYCLE SUCK



ADULTS ONLY

CHAPTER ONE

I'd just got my ass reamed out good when the whole fucking business hit me. You know how it is when you're hot? You can't think of nothing but getting your rocks off. Then, afterward, everything sort of clears.

We'd been screwing around for several hours. I'd gotten my nuts busted half a dozen times, but you know how excited and wild you can get when you're with a gang. It took Nate Miller's big long black trunk ramming into my gut to blow me so high that I actually conked out for a second or two. That's when I finally came down. It was the first time I'd been really down for a couple of weeks.

When I did come to, I could see what we were doing... I mean, I could see it straight! Man, I didn't know how I'd got myself into this mess, but somehow I knew I had to find a way out. I looked around and saw what my buddies were doing, and I wanted to puke!

The guys—there were eight on the ride—had been great to me. I'd known them for only a couple of weeks, but they'd taken me right in. I tried the Hell's Angels first, but they told me to get lost. They laughed at me for even asking to join, but not the Brothers. Those guys were like real blood brothers to me from the first day. If only things hadn't got out of hand. Fuck!

We'd pulled up at this small farm so far back in the mountains that there wasn't even a phone line that we could see. Bull went in to ask whether or not the road cut through the mountains to highway thirty-two, but after he saw how big the barn was, he got to thinking. With the law after us, it wouldn't hurt to lay low, and this looked like the ideal place. The barn was large enough for the eight choppers and there was only one man, his wife and a daughter to give us any trouble.

It wouldn't have been so bad if we'd played it cool, but the guys soon got it into their head to screw around, and things got out of hand. It wasn't long before they started bung-holing everything in sight from the farmer down to the livestock.

It was Truck that went after the farmer's tail. He had a couple of guys hold him down, and most of us stood around laughing because Truck's prick is so puny that we didn't figure he could do the old man any harm. The way that farmer carried on, though, you'd have thought he was getting himself killed! It was even worse when Bull went after the daughter. From then on the mother and the daughter both screeched their lungs out, too.

It took three guys to hold the girl down while Bull rammed his dick into her mouth. That shut her up fast except for her gagging. Then, in the middle of all that bedlam, someone opened the front door and Big Stick came pushing in an old sow. He had this fat prick soaking in her stinking ass.

"Hey, Button!" he called. "How do you like this for a pigskin glove?"

"Hey! Swinging!"

"There's a little wiener out there that ought to fit you. You want it?"

I'd take that kind of ribbing from Bull, but I didn't like it coming from that bastard.

"Shut up about my dong, you sonofabitch!" I growled, but he wasn't listening to me any more anyway. His brains had all shifted down into his cock.

He was humping her slow and steady, his pole pulling almost out before he slid it back in. His legs were spread out wide at the knees for the sow was only about three feet up to her asshole and Big Stick was over six feet tall.

With probing, deliberate thrusts he plowed his dick into her oozing quim. Bitch that she was, she snapped and nipped at him all the time she was backing her ass up against him. I'd have like to have tried fucking that pig if he hadn't made that remark about my dong.

I looked at Bull who was still trying to get his cock sucked by the daughter. The mother screamed like it was her instead.

"What you yelling about, lady?" Bull snorted. "She ain't got no cherry in her mouth."

"You're too big for her! Please! For God's sake!"

It was the father. That's when I felt that first chill up my spine. I was hot. Watching the guys screw around with animals had really turned me on, but some of the smaller animals were bleeding pretty bad in the rectums, and that farmer and his family... they hadn't done nothing to us. Something was sickeningly wrong, only I was too hot to think straight then.

"Bring the kid," Bull called. "I'll stay with the mouth, but there's no sense letting that tight little asshole go to waste. Button! Come here, kid. I've got a job for you."

Hot as I was, the idea turned me off. "You're doing fine, Bull," I called back.

"Come on now. They're all complaining that my dick's too big, so it's better if you give it to her up the ass!"

God, how I hated them teasing me, but I couldn't fight Bull.

"I can't," I said, trying to beg off. "Toby just reamed me out so bad I couldn't get another hard on for shit."

"Bull!" he snorted (which is the other reason they call him that). "Come here. Closer, damn it! You can see I can't come to you when my dick's plugged in."

Grudgingly, I stepped closer, and Bull took ahold of my limp pecker. The first touch made me shiver with excitement and soon all the heat was back. Bull could do more to me in a minute than most guys could in a year. That big knowing hand of his rolled my dingus around. Then he peeled it back with his fingers while his big paw cupped my balls. All the time, he was grinning down at me in that cock-sure way of his that gets me flying the second I look at him.

"You're a bastard," I muttered.

"And you love it," he reminded me. "She's going to be just your size. You'll thank me when it's over."

He winked at me then, and I couldn't be mad at him, though it always hurts me when anyone teases me about my size. My prick isn't so damn small. I'm sixteen, and maybe I'm a little slow getting all of my equipment, but I'm no midget-dingus like Truck, either. When I get a hardon, my cock's damn near regular length. It just don't get as big around as the other

guys. Then, too, a lot of my buddies have cocks so fucking big they just naturally make a normal guy's dick look small.

Sometimes you see a prick that was just made for ramming! Well, mine, they all wanted to suck. Tender, they call it. To me, tender means young—a kid that doesn't know the score. All I wanted was to be a man.

"You going to screw her ass or not?" Bull demanded.

"Please," I pleaded in a low whisper. "I can't do it with no hard-assed girl!"

Bull's smirk evaporated. There wasn't the slightest hint of sympathy in his eyes as he glared down at me.

"I didn't ask you to do with with her," he snapped. "I told you to do it to her. You'll be able to do it, once you see the difference. Now, are you going to do what Bull told you to?"

It's hard to explain why I had to do what he told me. I wasn't afraid of him physically, though he could probably have pulverized me if he'd wanted to. It was just that I had a need, deep inside of me, to be liked and accepted by my new brothers. It was an all or nothing thing, for it they were to reject me, there wouldn't be one soul left in this whole fucking world that would care whether Terrence C. Benson lived or died.

"I'll try," I said.

I had to try. My dad had been calling me a pansy and a queer since before I knew what the words meant. He hated the way I walked, the way I sat, the way I threw a baseball.

He wasn't the only one, either. Even the Hell's Angels knew exactly where to send me. One of them even patted me on the fanny when I left.

Only the Brothers treated me like a man. Within a week they had me acting like a man, too. They weren't straight, but there wasn't a queen in the whole bunch! My old man would have crapped if he'd known what they thought of his kind. The Brothers figured that married men were a sorry bunch of panty-waisted weaklings, letting their wives walk all over them, just like my mother ran my dad. To the Brothers, there was only one thing worse, and that was an effeminate guy. Our members dressed tough and it was year-around open season on queers. The guys wore leather and a lot of

chain, and they not only dressed tough, but they acted that way, too. It didn't take two nights for Bull to teach me how to act.

Anyway, Bull kept playing around with my dong until he had it jacked up real hard. Just the smell of that girls' stinking cunt made me sick, and the thought of having to touch her revolted me, yet with Bull staring me in the eye, I couldn't refuse.

"You really want this?" I asked.

"You better believe it," he answered with a grin.

I shrugged it off as carelessly as I could. Reaching under her dress, I jerked down her underpants, holding my head as far away as possible so I wouldn't have to smell her gash.

"Throw that skirt up over her back so I can watch," Bull ordered. "Come on. Show some class!"

Showing class was important. I did what he asked, but then I had to stare at her full, fat ass. She was a lot flabbier than a man. There was no strength or muscled look to it, the way there is with a man's tight, powerful rump. There was only lard, and it disgusted me. Staring down at that fanny turned me off almost as fast as Bull had turned me on.

"STICK HER!" he yelled. "SHOVE THAT FRIGGIN' PRICK INTO HER, DAMN YOU!"

In the background the farmer and his wife were bawling and screaming, pleading for me to leave their precious little girl child alone.

"She disgusts me, Bull," I said with a shudder of revulsion.

"BULLSHIT!" he snorted. "Come on, Button. One hole's the same as another. Now stick that pencil in her gut, or I'll make you screw her mother's bitch-hold instead!"

With all that was going on, and me having to look at her lard ass, I didn't have a damn thing to poke her with. Wildly, I rubbed my rubbery dong while I tried to imagine that she was nothing but a wide butted man... but it did nothing! Then I watched Bull, wiping his cock around the girl's face, and it was like he was doing it to me. He rubbed his jazzed-up head

around her eye sockets and around and over her cheek and chin. By the time he shoved it back into her mouth, I'd gotten my prick up ready to go!

I began hammering against her crack, stabbing at her dry while I kept my eyes on Bull's dick to keep me going. Although they were holding her steady enough, her ass kept bobbing around and her fat cheeks were too big to spread right without help. I finally had to grab hold of her and spread her lard out before I could hope to jam my dick inside.

As soon as I had her spread out, I hammered my cock head in against her quim. It took a lot of fast, hard jabs, but I finally made it in. I was so relieved over getting down what Bull had demanded that, while the girl screamed bloody murder, I frictioned my thumping dick rapidly in and out of her shitty ass, anxious to dump my load and get the hell out!

"FRIG IT TO HER, BUTTON!" Bull yelled.

It was a lot like friggin' myself. While I grinned at Bull and jiggled through the pretense he'd asked of me, my mind was drawing the lewd pictures necessary to get me there. I watched Stud grazing his hand over his own big black hard on. He wasn't as big cocked as Nate was, but he carried plenty of equipment. It tried to imagine my mouth taking in that huge black mutha and I remembered how great it had felt when it reamed out my ass. Bull never let many guys take me up the ass unless they were small. He always figured my asshole wouldn't be so tender once it got ripped good. I guess a lot of guys scar. Anyway, after I'd got all the mileage I could out of staring at Stud, I turned a little and watched Big Stick backing away from the sow. His sagging cock was slick and brown with pig shit, and several of the guys laughed.

Beyond him, the farmer and his wife, stripped and tied belly to belly by this time, were still moaning about their little girl. The first time I'd looked, it was Truck that was reaming out the old man's ass. All the time he was doing it, he was bragging about what a father fucker he was. Once he was finished putting on his show, however, Billy-Do took over, and he didn't want no one laughing at him!

Billy-Do and Truck both had smaller pricks than mine, but no one ever kidded them the way they kidded me. Billy-Do had a baby-faced smile and eyes that were innocent blue, but he carried a switch-blade that was deadly

accurate, the way he threw it, and he had no sense of humor when the joke was on him.

I looked around me and everywhere there was a kaleidoscope of lust that burned itself into my brain. The smell of passion and crap and fear... God, what it does to you! I let it seep in through every pore until it carried me down with it. The fire washed over me. I twisted and bucked. I would have made it, I think, if that friggin' girl hadn't started vomiting all over Bull's cock.

Nate and Stud were holding the girl for us until that happened. Then they busted up, laughing at Bull.

"Bitch mutha!" Bull roared. "Hey! Why'd you turn that cunt loose? I'm not done with her!"

"Can't stand the stink!" said Nate. "Go soak your cock in something that don't smell of urp!"

"How about Button? You get to make him finish it? Get that bitch back here."

The girl hadn't gone anywhere. She'd just sort of slithered on down to the floor where she was laying in her mess.

"You let us worry about Button, this once!" Nate said.

So Bull lopped on outside to get his cock cleaned off. I could see he didn't give a shit about what happened to me, except to make sure I did what he'd told me to.

"You're going to make me do it?" I asked.

The big black grinned. "Nope," he said. "Least ways I don't think so. Would I have a piece of your tail coming to me if I let you go?"

Bull had always kept Nate out of my tail. Nate was the only guy around with a cock bigger than Bull's.

"Now?" I asked.

"Whenever," he said with a shrug.

He was acting like it didn't matter, but he made it obvious that I couldn't believe any of it. Besides, I was suddenly anxious to get even with

Bull.

“Make it now,” I said. “I sure don’t get any charge out of screwing around with these country yokels, and I’ve got to get this prick down somehow.”

Now the grin covered his whole face, but that wasn’t nothing compared to the way his cock came alive. I started at the big, angry looking prod and shivers ran up my spine.

“Lay your gut across the kitchen table there,” he said. “I like to see what I’m working with.”

He began stroking that pipe of his, and I couldn’t stand it. Pushing his hand away, I began pumping up his big fucker myself. He had such a monstrous dick that he’d made bread out of posing with it for magazine photographers. Soft, it hung halfway down his leg; hard, it was a full foot of fevered meat, and it was as thick as half a man’s fist. It had a black stalk with a purplish head and the foreskin was long enough to pucker together like a sack with a drawstring at the end. I handled that big love-muscle for a couple of minutes, and then I had to get it into my mouth. Fuck everything else!

He let me wallow it around my mouth... and it was a mouthful! I stuck it in, skin and all. Then, after I got it clear inside and felt up and licked wet, I slowly peeled the foreskin back so the moist, silky head finally opened up. Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! What a shot!

“OHHHHHHHHHHH! SUCK THAT MUTHA!” he groaned.

But he wouldn’t leave it that way for long. I guess it was mostly because Bull had warned him so often to keep his black bastard cock out of my ass, but he wasn’t about to let me suck him all the way off. He let me go for a couple of minutes until he was boned up like a hard hot branding bar. Then he pulled his dong on out of my hungry mouth.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” I objected. I felt like he’d pulled out my guts, it hurt so to have him pull away. “What’d ya do that for?”

“Over the table with you now, Button,” he coaxed. “Old Nate’s going to push his pole up your rectum until it comes clean out your mouth!”

I laid myself out over the table, holding my ass up as high as I could. A part of me was anxious and a part just nervous on account of he could hurt me like hell if he wasn't careful. He leaned down and spit on my bun, then pressed his face in until his tongue could spread it around. I raised my ass up even higher then, pushing against him for all I was worth, but he didn't waste any time licking around. Nate had only one thing on his mind, and he set about doing it right off.

He led with his finger, pushing it in and working it around until my muscles relaxed. Then he snubbed his prod against me and slowly... deliberately, he worked his fat prickhead in. It was a jiggling kind of motion, different than anything I'd ever felt before, and it vibrated in more than it rammed. As big as Nate's cock was, he didn't hurt me, even a little. I felt the stretch, but there was no pain. Bull had always been careful, but he was rougher than that! Nate eased through my asshole and then through the inner ring until he was sliding in unimpeded, deeper and deeper into the very center of my gut.

"You in all the way?" I asked.

"Count your tongues. How many you got?"

I chuckled. "One."

"Then he ain't in all the way, man!"

By the time he got in, I thought that fuckin' prick of his was in my throat! That black bastard straightened out my bowels until I didn't figure I could take even a hair's length more... but he didn't hurt. All that beautiful cock meat stretched the hell out of my asshole, but it didn't hurt!

"You okay?" he asked.

"You hear me bitching?"

"You want me to jack your cock off for you?"

"You stick to your screwing. If I need any prick slid, I can do it myself."

Oh, I sounded tough! Two weeks in the club, and I'd learned all the right things to say, but my knees were jelly and my gut as turning flips over his monstrous log. My tough pretenses were as put on as the act I'd tried to

put on at home, yet there seemed no other way. There was no place that I could just be me.

I hung onto my prick, but I didn't have to do nothing but lay there and feel him working that smoldering, sticky prick in and out of my churning bowel. My nerves jumped and twanged as jolt after jolt of pure ecstasy flooded through me. When his kinky black crotch moved in tight enough against me so that he was slapping his balls against my own aching nuts, that's when I lost all sense of reality. My eyes glazed over with passion, and my emotions soared.

"Screw it in me, Nate!" I cried. "Screw that sweet, black muthafucker in!"

He'd take it easy on me until then. Once I asked for it, thought, he began pumping his slick dick into me in earnest. He rammed fast and hard and deep until I was half-crazy with need. It wasn't long before I reached that jagged, nerve-shattering edge.

"I'M GONNA CUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!" I wailed.

"So? Bust your nuts!"

"Cum with me, Nate! I want to feel your hot cream boiling inside of me."

They were yelling all around us, but I didn't hear. Nate began sawing that long hard prick of his in and out, in and out... faster, with more urgency, he pounded it into me. Then I felt his thick pole shudder and his big black body went stiff.

"JESUS! OHHHHH! CHRISTALLMIGHTY!" he moaned. "Button, baby, your black daddy's gonna CUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

The first shot of that searing, creamy cum flow catapulted me into another world. It was such a violent crest, in fact, that I actually blacked out for a second or two. When I came to, I was bathed in warm sensuousness. My body felt more alive than it had in days, but for the first time in many months, I was able to see things as they really were. One long look around me and all of the warm good feelings were gone.

Everywhere I looked the guys were either screwing or eating something. That poor farm family. They were half out of their minds. The

whole thing was a fucked-up mess, and for the first time in two weeks I was ashamed of having been one of them.

“It’s a good thing Bull didn’t see you getting your ass reamed,” Truck warned.

Curiously, I didn’t care.

CHAPTER TWO

I moved into a small alcove by the window where I could stay out of it. I hoped no one would see me. I didn't feel like one of the gang anymore.

It seemed to me that I'd spent my whole life trying to be invisible. Whenever people did notice me, they invariably started correcting everything about me until I couldn't think of one small thing about me that anyone could like.

My mother was a small, nervous woman that was continually fidgeting with everything around the house. I guess it nearly killed her having me because she never would try to have another. My dad a a big, barrel-chested Irishman and if I'd taken after him he'd have done anything for me. As it was, I came out lean and wiry with my mother's fine features and oversized bovine eyes. I can remember hearing people remark that I was too pretty from the time I can remember anything. My hair curled and I went through one stage of insisting on butch haircuts because I thought it made me look more like my father. I even got the sheers and tried to cut off my eyelashes.

By the time I was twelve I didn't want to be like him. My whole aim from then on was to keep the peace. To this end I made myself as invisible as possible. We were so far apart in so many ways that every thought seemed to clash. I couldn't throw a ball to suit him. I didn't walk right and when I'd forget and cross my legs when I sat down, he'd go completely berserk.

My father was a great one for sports. To spite him more than anything else, I refused to try out for anything but track. Even then, I was only a half-hearted runner. I quit that at fourteen when I got my first job.

It wasn't much as jobs go, but it gave me a feeling of independence that was very important to me then. I rode with a milkman every morning, and it was my job to run up to the door with the milk since my boss had a bad back. He started me out at fifteen dollars a week and I moved up to twenty dollars the second year. Mr. Simpson used to call me his queer duck right in front of me, but I don't think he disliked me. He was always explaining to

people that I was a queer duck all right, but I had never once been late to work.

My folks couldn't understand why I never seemed to have any money. Even at Christmas, I never spent more than a dollar on either of them, and I'd never go to the matinee when the other kids did. What they didn't know was that I had me a secret savings and I was hoarding my money up to buy me a chromed-up chopper, one just like the Hell's Angels had ridden when they blasted through our town a couple of years before.

In two years I managed to save sixteen hundred dollars. It wasn't enough money for a really cherry bike, but I felt sure it would buy me some kind of cool wheels. On my sixteenth birthday, after I'd opened my presents and found nothing but clothes, I thanked them and said how everything was "swell!" Then I cut my classes and caught a bus for Phoenix. By noon I'd found the bike I wanted and the bike shop owner, once he saw all that cash, even agreed to teach me to ride. I wasn't exactly ready for any competition by the time I left, but I didn't wobble off the road.

I got home an hour too late for supper and my dad was too busy giving me hell to realize I had a bike in the garage. That night when I went to bed I was one happy kid, about to be a man!

To me a chopper was one way to tell the world I was a man. If I'd gotten any other kind of a bike, it wouldn't have meant a thing. Even snot-nosed seven-year-olds ride bikes these days. No, I had to have a hog, chopped and stretched out and chromed up until it was slim and racy as all hell. That bike said two things for me. It was I was a man with a mind of my own, and it advised the world to go screw itself. The boy had quit caring what anyone thought.

That's what the bike said. Of course, I was still having to put on an act, but I figured that bike would lead me to independence somehow. In the small, rural community we lived in, a chopper would stick out like a sore thumb. I'd been trying to be invisible, yet everyone seemed to notice everything wrong. Now I'd stick out on purpose, by God!

When my father saw the bike in our garage the next morning, he nearly creamed his jeans.

"Who does that thing belong to?" he demanded.

“It’s mine.”

“Where’d you steal it?”

“I didn’t steal it. I bought it. I’ve been saving for it for two years.”

“Well, you damn sure can’t have it. Take it back!”

Normally, I’d have tucked my tail between my legs and snuck away, but already that bike was having its affect on me. “Like hell!” I said.

“What’d you say?”

“You heard me. You’re always screaming because I’m not man enough for you. Well, I am now.”

He was so mad he was shaking his fist, but he held on. His mouth curled into a cruel sneer. “No motorcycle ever made a man,” he said.

“No, but standing up to someone that’s always giving you crap does, and you’ve been dishing it out for a long time!”

I climbed onto the bike, took one big jump and kicked the engine alive. My father was still talking... more like yelling, actually, but I couldn’t hear him. I roared out of the garage and down the highway, feeling better than I had in years.

Of course, I eventually had to go home. By the time I got there, neither of them could do anything but yell.

“You’re going to be some kind of a Hell’s Angel!” my mother cried. “How could you do this to us?”

“I’m going to be something, Mom,” I said defiantly. “I’m tired of being nothing.”

“What do you mean, nothing?”

“He means being a goddamn fairy!”

I was shaking I was so mad. Jumping up from the table, I pointed at my father and began to yell. “See? See what I mean? I’ve been hearing that from him since I was five or six years old. Then when I try to be a man... with a cool bike and all, he hates that, too. He can’t stand to have me be anything if I’m not exactly like him!”

“You damn well betcha you’re not like me!” he roared. “When I screwed, I screwed women! I didn’t...”

“BEN!” Mom screamed, so loud they must have heard her a block away.

I was too mad to yell then. Walking up close to my father, I hissed, “I ain’t screwed nothing, yet, Pa. I’ve never messed around with anyone... but I’ll take care of that real soon, since that’s what you seem to want.”

“Terrence!” my mother wailed. “Don’t listen to him.”

I didn’t listen to either of them. I got the hell out.

What I’d told my old man about messing around wasn’t exactly true. There was a kid at school that I felt real keen about, and we’d screwed around quite a bit. We’d had to be awful careful because Walt was on the football team and he went with a lot of girls. He came to me because he was always horny and not many of the girls he liked would put out.

Walt had a car. When he wanted to see me he’d tell me to start walking home and he’d pick me up. That way no one would know we were seeing each other at all. That hurt, having him ashamed of being seen with me, but I was so crazy to be with him that I’d have done anything he asked.

That day after I got my bike, though, I was feeling pretty independent when I rode up in front of the school. I drew a crowd in seconds and some of the guys were looking at me different than they ever had before. Everyone was there to see it except the one person I wanted to impress. When Walt sidled up to my locker just before sixth period, he’d cut all of his classes, so he hadn’t even heard about my bike.

“Where’ve you been?” I asked.

“Dianne Bradley and I skipped, the damn little prick teaser. I’ll pick you up on the way home tonight, Terry. I’ve got a horn that needs working over.”

“I can’t.”

“Why?”

“I brought my bike.”

“Bike?” he snorted. Then he laughed. “You mean you rode a bike all the way to school?”

I stood a little taller as I said, “My bike’s a chopper, Walt.”

“Chopper?” he looked dumbfounded. “You don’t mean that chrome and green metal flake machine in front of the office.”

“That’s it.”

“Ah, come on! Who’re you kidding?”

“I bought it in Phoenix yesterday. It was sort of a birthday present to myself.”

“No shit! God, it’s a wild machine!”

“Thanks. Well, anyway, I’m sorry I can’t meet you, but you see how it is.”

“Where you going to ride?”

“Home. I’ve got some work to do on it.”

“Your folks both work?”

“Yes.”

“Anyone around?”

“No.”

“Maybe I’ll see you.”

I shrugged it off, but inside my brain, things were whirling around a mile a minute. What a burn it would be on my old man if I got my tail screwed under their noses! Oh, they wouldn’t be home, either one of them, but there’d be poetic justice just doing it there in their house.

I wanted to corner Walt and invite him out, but I’d gained a little in his eyes with the purchase of that bike. I didn’t want to go screwing it up by asking for anything. I decided to play it cool. By God, if he was that horny, he would come to me! (The power that bike had over me was already changing my life!)

And it worked! I no sooner got home and changed into a pair of cutoffs before Walt pulled up into the drive. It made me feel so great having his car parked in front of my house. He wouldn't be able to hide the fact that he knew me now. His car was there for everyone to see.

"Terry! You home?" he called.

I opened up the garage door as carelessly as I could manage with my gut churning the way it was.

"Sure, " I said. "Come on in."

I felt so good that it made a little cocky. I walked back over and began polishing my bike, leaving the garage door open. Walt stood there a minute and then turned around and closed it himself.

"Your folks home?"

"Nope."

"Then come on. You know what I want. Get your pants off."

That hurt, he was no gruffer than he usually was. I wished I wasn't shaking so much. I'd have liked to have told him to go screw himself.

"I don't need nothing, Walt," I stammered. "I've got a new girl friend that takes pretty good care..."

"YOU? Who're you bullshitting? A girl?"

My face turned crimson, but something inside of me just wouldn't cow down.

"You always said what I was, Walt. I didn't."

He stood there staring at me for a couple of minutes—didn't move a hair. Then he asked, "How could you let a guy screw your tail if you weren't... you know."

I wanted to tell him I was just kidding, but instead I shrugged.

"I got pushed into it once... discovered it was great. You would, too, if anyone ever did it to you. There's this spot... well, never mind. You're always horny. Well, so am I, only I'm not so... so hung up over where I get relief." I laughed, and I was so nervous that it almost came out a giggle.

“Neither are you for that matter,” I reminded him. “You’re just a little more two-faced about it.”

You’d have thought he’d have walked on out of there that minute, but he didn’t. He came to me, instead.

“Come on, Terry. Have a heart. I’ve got a hard-on that’s aching like hell.”

I’d won some kind of battle. I wasn’t sure what kind, but it felt great!

“Sure, Walt, I know how rough that is. I don’t mind helping you out.”

I didn’t realize how much he’d been holding in until the wind suddenly whooshed out of him. A grin spread over his face, and we reached down to unhook our waistbands at the same time.

“Who’s this new girl friend of yours?” he asked. “You suppose she’d be a sport and put out a little for me?”

“Afraid not,” I said. “She’s only putting out for me because she thinks we’re going to get married in three or four years.”

He dropped his pants only just a hair below his balls, then spread out his legs to keep them from falling down. I took everything off just to show him I wasn’t afraid.

“Well, are you?” he asked.

I grinned. “Things change in that long a time.”

He wasn’t kidding about his hard-on. That joy stick of his was so boned up that when he released it his muscle jumped up and slapped against his belly. At the time, it looked big as hell. He was uncircumcised, but the foreskin didn’t completely cover his cock head. About an inch of dewy head flesh showed along with a rhythmically winking slit. Even while I was looking at it, the moisture oozed up to form a sticky tear. I was torn between wanting it up my ass and wanting it in my mouth.

“God, that feels good,” he groaned. Then he made a great display of pulling out his balls and working the skin up and down on his cock. He didn’t look at me the way I looked at him, but I was glad for that because I didn’t have much to look at. I wanted to reach out and touch him like I’d done lots of times before, but now that I’d fronted him, I couldn’t go back.

“Come on. Let’s get it on.”

“Sure! Guy, you’ve changed a lot, Terry.”

“No, I haven’t,” I lied. “You’re just getting so you can see beyond your nose.”

I spit on my fingers as I turned around to brace myself against my bike. Reaching back, I lubricated my quim myself rather than count on him.

“Now, shove that dick of yours in there and get with it!” I ordered gruffly.

The first jab missed.

“You sonofabitch!” I growled. “Aim the damn thing before you shove.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

It was a word I’d never expected to hear from him. He was more careful then, lining himself up against me before he started to push his dick in. He even gave my cheeks a healthy squeeze. Then he leaned in hard. Working my ass muscles, I helped by sucking his cock in.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

That was him, but I was moaning just as loud. It took every ounce of will power I had to keep from drowning him out. My knees went all boneless and my heart began hammering against my chest like I had an angry woodpecker inside.

“You’re ass’s so fuckin’ tight!” he groaned.

It could have been a lot tighter, but I let my muscles relax and I concentrated on making my body into a rock for him to push against. For a while he didn’t push through. He just lay there, draped over my back, panting for air. I nearly crapped when he reached around and touched my prick. He’d never made a move toward me before.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm. Feels funny touching another guy’s joint.”

“You don’t need to.”

“I... I don’t mind.”

I was about to push his hand away. I wanted it there terribly, but when had I ever done anything I wanted before? Anyway, I didn't get the chance, for about that time he pulled his shit-slick dick about three-quarters of the way out of my drooling ass and then sawed that hot mutha back in. The feel of it paralyzed me so that I couldn't even breathe!

"Damn! That's good," he muttered.

He didn't know the half of it! In a voice that shook like crazy, I answered, "Not bad."

He'd peeled my cock skin back and felt around for a while. Then he started pumping my dick in the same slow rhythm he reamed my butt. We didn't try to talk about that. It took all our wind just to screw.

He took his time, twisting this way and that so he could probe into me from every angle, but we were too young and too hot for it to last for long. Soon we were both working at it like crazy. We were grunting and panting and the stink of sex hung heavy in the air. There were even sucking sounds as he pulled his slick dick out each time for I'd opened my asshole up until it was completely loose and relaxed for a while. I'd force my hole to stay open that way for a minute or two, maybe, and then let my ass muscles all squeeze in against his plunging prick until he was whimpering for help.

"I'm so fuckin' hot!" he wailed. "Do something, Terry! Help me to cum!"

Drawing in my quim as tight as I could, I went to milking off his prick for all I was worth.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

A moment later, I felt this body stiffen, and then he began belching out his load.

"EYIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!"

The sound of his cry in my ears, and the feel of his hot sticky spunk belching into my gut was all that it took to bring me bursting through to a fevered release.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I whispered, keeping my wildest joy buried deep inside.

“WHAT’S GOING ON HERE?... OH, DEAR LORD MY GOD!”

It was my uncle who’d wandered over from next door. When I whirled around to face him, my cock was still spitting out its ropes of sticky cum.

The shock that shot through me when I saw him standing there was a different kind of a jolt, but it was almost as strong as the one I’d just felt. My reaction was instant, yet the kind of response I gave was a shock, even to me.

“Glad you came by, Uncle John.”

“Terry, shut up!” hissed Walt, who already has his pants up and was backing toward the door.

Coolly I turned and waved an insolent good-bye, then turned back toward my uncle.

“I’ve got a message for you to give my dad,” I said. “Tell him I tried it and it hurt like hell, but you tell him to remember why I tried it. You tell him I hope he’s proud!”

“What are you talking about?” Uncle John demanded.

I snatched up my cutoffs and started getting dressed. “That mother-fucker father of mine’s been calling me a pussy ever since I was five. Well, I’m cutting out of here, but before I go...” I turned and grinned at him. “I had to try it once... right here... right under their fuckin’ noses. The only trouble was, I don’t know how I was going to let them know about it. With you coming over, I don’t have to worry about that any more.”

“You should be ashamed of yourself,” he began.

“How about you?” I demanded. “I don’t remember you ever wanting to take me along on any of your hunting trips. Look, I don’t care. It doesn’t matter any more. You just tell my old man to get fucked. Okay?”

I didn’t wait around for any more lectures. I stepped into the kitchen and shut the door. Then I ran to my room. I wouldn’t have space for much on the bike. I pulled down to pairs of jeans, a heavy jacket and a couple of T-shirts. I found shorts and socks, soap, tooth paste... all that kind of crap... and in a couple of minutes I was ready to split. In my stamp book which I where I’d always kept my money, I still had twenty-seven dollars left. I had

another twenty coming from Mr. Simpson. I'd have to stop by and pick it up on the way out of town.

I could hear my uncle in the kitchen. He was dialing the store. I didn't want to have to talk to my folks. All I wanted to do was go, but I stopped long enough to take a long last look at my room. It had been my refuge for a long time. Leaving that room showed me more than anything else that I was really going out on my own.

When I passed my uncle in the kitchen, he handed me the phone. I shook my head and kept walking.

"Your mother wants to talk to you," he said.

"Let her talk to dad," I said. "I've got nothing to say."

I dumped my clothes in my sleeping bag and rolled it up as tight as I could. Then I strapped it onto theissy bar. It made the bike look really tough. I helped myself to a few of my father's tools, ones I'd need real bad, then I climbed on my bike and roared on out of the garage.

I didn't wince a bit. It felt real good!

CHAPTER THREE

I had forty-seven dollars, a full tank of gas, and a couple changes of clothes when I finally pulled onto the westbound freeway. With that I was sure I could conquer the world. There'd be no more having to pretend... no more facing that look of, if not outright disgust, at least continual and wearing disapproval. I'd found it everywhere I turned.

I think, until I bought my bike, my father hadn't really even seen me for a couple of years. He'd trained his eyes to focus me out like a photographer blots out the pimples from a face on a photograph. I was the pimple in his life, and he didn't like having to look at it.

When I reached the crest of the first hill, I glanced back at my home town and promised myself to focus it out of my life for good. Not only did I vow never to return; I swore not to even think of the place again!

"The town of Whittman just died," I said to the wind. "It's life blood just rode away on a green metal flake bike."

Every mile from then one was an adventure. It was April and the desert was beginning to bloom. The sun was warm, and it felt good as long as I didn't have to face into it. By five, however, it was staring me straight in the eye. I put into a diner out in the middle of nowhere and I hung around eating and playing the pin ball machine until dusk. Nobody asked my age or tried to hassle me. It felt real cool being on my own.

As soon as the sun set, I headed down the road again and didn't stop to sleep until I'd reached the sand dunes just inside the California line. There I stretched out and hypnotized myself to sleep by staring up at a trillion diamond stars mounted on a black velvet dome. My thoughts would have seemed corny to anyone else, but they were the first unrestricted reflection I'd had in a long, long time.

I thought about so many things, and most of it was remembering. I remembered overhearing my aunt cautioning my mother not to be too protective. "It's the over protective mother that causes this sort of thing, you know, Ethyl. Don't let the boy become too attached. Maybe then he'll change."

Change to what? I wondered. And to what had I been attached? I didn't care if I ever saw either my mother or my father again. All I could remember feeling around them was alone. I didn't intend to be alone much longer though. My destination was San Francisco where all of the action was.

I had two goals once I got there. First, I was going to get into the Hell's Angels. Then, if I didn't find anyone that was like me in the group, I'd slip off long enough to start another life they wouldn't know about, a more personal life.

I needed the Angels. I'd dreamed of being a member ever since they rode through our town that once. With them I could ride and never see a condescending sneer. People wouldn't dare make fun of me if I was an Angel!

On the other hand, I needed someone I could be myself with, too, someone I could pal around with without having to put on. That goal had been a dream for even a longer time, and it was the one I thought about last before I drifted off to sleep. There were Hell's Angel groups all the way down the state of California, but in San Francisco there were plenty of guys that felt like me about sex; and they didn't care who knew it. That was for me!

The next morning I woke up feeling absolutely great. I folded up my gear, hopped on my bike and made it all the way to Frisco before the sun set again. I'd begun my trek as a novice on that bike, but by the time I reached the golden gate, I was a pro.

I'd stuck to the deserts all the way until I cut over to the coast just north of Merced. I ran into my first rain before I was halfway over the divide. It was pouring by the time I got through Oakland. Although I could see the entrance of the bridge leading to my goal, I turned back and found a place to stay in Oakland where things looked like they'd be pretty cheap.

What a hell of a night I spent in that hotel! I know now that the place was a shooting gallery for addicts, but I didn't know it then. I got the manager to let me wheel my bike inside, and I chained it to one of the pillars in the lobby. Then I paid the man at the desk to keep an eye on it,

and I promised him I'd give him more money in the morning. He said I'd have to share a room, and it didn't bother me none until I walked in on a guy shooting up. For an instant I froze, but then I went on in, pretending like I'd watched so many guys do it that it was no big thing.

I took a hot shower and changed into dry clothes. Then I lay down and listened to the quiet hell going on around me. The walls were paper thin. I was half afraid someone would slip in and put a needle into me before the night was over, but everyone there was evidently hoarding the stuff for themselves. I couldn't have found a safer place to be from that standpoint.

We'd had some drugs at home, but I'd never seen any of the hard stuff. Surprisingly, the characters I'd seen in the lobby and on the way down to the bathroom came in two varieties. Some looked really raunchy, like I'd expected, but there were more who looked more like Joe College than I ever would. My roommate was the collegiate type. His hair was clipped shorter than average for these days, and his clothes made him look like he'd just stepped off of a tennis court. Once he came down off the first high, he told me that he'd gone through the hippy trip, but now that he was mainlining, it was safer to look "straight."

"You know where I can find the Hell's Angels hangout," I asked.

"You kidding?"

"No."

He shrugged, his movements slow and dreamy. "Mannnnnnnnnn, those guys don't fool around."

"I know it. How can I find them?"

"That Hat," he said. "It's a beer joint over on seventeenth and Barclay."

"In Frisco?"

"Nooooooo, mannnnnnnnn. Here."

"In Oakland?"

He nodded. "It's not more than a mile from here."

"Thanks," I said. Then I turned my face up toward the cracked ceiling and closed my eyes.

“I’m going to get me some more stuff. You want some?” he asked.

“No, I’m fine,” I said. With a smile I told myself that I had, at last, arrived.

The next morning I woke up real early. It was still dark. I lay there a minute and then I knew something was wrong. It was one of those feelings that made the hair on my neck stand up even though I didn’t have any inkling as to what could be the cause. I felt for my wallet and it was still there. Then I glanced over at the other bed, and the way that guy was laying, I knew that he was dead. I didn’t have to touch him. I just knew.

I got out fast, and just in time, as it turned out. Two bastards were sitting behind the pillar, filing away at the chain lock on my bike.

“Call the man!” I yelled at the guy behind the desk.

Then I sprinted for my bike. Although the pair with the file was bigger than me, they got out fast.

“Why’d you let them do that?” I demanded when the desk man showed up.

“I was asleep,” he said. “Don’t ever yell a thing like that around here! Get your fucking bike and scram!”

I left, and I didn’t pay him that extra money I’d promised, either. I rode down to seventeenth and found a bar named The Hat. Actually, it was an old drive-in that served food outside and mostly booze inside. There was no one around at five in the morning, so I went looking for some place where I could get some breakfast instead. At the same time, I kept my eyes open for bikes. People didn’t park them on the street here, I discovered. I didn’t see a one.

I began thinking about that, and I realized that I was going to have to find a way to keep my bike safe or I’d be in real trouble. First, I’d lose two years of hard work, but more important, I could reach none of my goals without that machine. No Hell’s Angel would have anything to do with me if I didn’t have a bike. To be sixteen and without money or wheels in California was not a pleasant thought to contemplate. I decided I’d have to keep my eyes open for a garage for rent. I might be able to afford that. If I

had one, I could stash my bike, and I could sleep there, too. If the Angels didn't have a place for me, I'd have to find me a garage.

I rode on over to Frisco and found me a place to eat. Afterward I just cruised. I had thirty-one dollars left in my jeans after I filled my tank again, so I scooted up the coast a few miles until I found me an open field with a big live oak tree in the middle. There I stopped, lay down, and zonked out for a couple of hours. I knew there'd be no chance of catching any of the Angels at the Hat until after dark, and since that was the only place I knew of to look, I'd just have to bide my time.

I got back to Oakland just after dusk. Five or six Angels were in front of the Hat, standing around by their bikes. That first sight of them got me so excited that I swerved, almost sideswiping a parked car.

Their bikes were so cool, and they were just kicking back, doing nothing but shooting the shit. There was no one on earth so exciting as far as I was concerned. My hands and knees were shaking as I pulled in.

"Hello, friend," one said. "What's your problem?"

I grinned from ear to ear. There was no way that I could play it cool.

"I haven't got any problems now that I've found you guys," I said. "I've come to join."

They exchanged glances, but I couldn't see by their expressions what they were thinking.

"I realize it isn't that easy," I added, "but I've managed to get this far, so I think I can handle whatever comes next."

"How far?"

"What?"

"You said you got this far. How far is that?"

"Oh! Well, I saw you guys two years ago when you came through Whittman, Arizona? That's where I lived. I decided right then that you had the only way to go. I went to work and earned me a bike. Then yesterday, I cut loose and headed here."

The biggest guy did most of the talking. "How old are you, son?"

“Sixteen.”

“Come back in five years. We don’t take kids,” he said.

“That ain’t all we don’t take, honey,” his fat friend added.

I just stood there with my face hanging out. It’d never once occurred to me that if I got me a cool bike, they wouldn’t be willing to let me join. When I did get up enough courage to talk, I said all of the wrong things.

“What’s age got to do with it?” I demanded.

The big man shrugged. “It’s in the bylaws. We can’t change our bylaws.”

“Then what am I supposed to do?”

One hawk-nosed character reached over and patted me on the head. “There’s a club across that bay that might take you.”

“Hey! Yeah, man! That’s where you should go.”

“They take them younger?” I asked.

“And that ain’t all,” the fat guy said. That guy I didn’t like from the word go!

“Are they tough?” I asked. “I don’t want nothing to do with any A.M.A.’ers or them bubble-heads.”

“They’re cool, man,” the big man said. “You’ll be happy with them.”

He gave me directions for finding them and said the name of the club was the Brothers. I thanked them and was about to split when the fat pig of a guy reached over and gave my ass a pat.

“You take care of yourself, sport,” he said.

“You ought to take a little care of yourself, don’t you think? Lard like that must be hard on your bike.”

I was embarrassed, and I was mad, too mad to realize the chance I’d taken, capping down an Angel. The fat pig made a move toward me but the big man held out his hand to stop him.

“Let him go,” he said. “He’s just a kid.”

The hawk nosed character snorted. “Yeah, man. Out of the mouth of babes always comes the hard truth. You are a lard-assed, man!”

I started my bike and got the hell out of there. All the way across the bridge I wondered if they’d set me up for something rough, but I had to do something. I didn’t have any place else to go.

The name of the Brother’s hangout was the Pink Dragon on Filbert Street. There were six or seven bikes out front but only one guy.

“Is it safe to leave a bike here?” I asked.

“If its locked. They keep an eye peeled for anyone that stands around here, but they don’t try to keep track of who owns each bike.”

“That sounds fair.”

“You old enough to go in?”

My face tightened as I locked up my bike. I didn’t try to look at him.

“I’m old enough to mind my own business,” I said.

“You got ID?”

That stumped me. “No,” I admitted.

“I’ve got some,” he said. “They’ve quit hassling me. Here. You can use it if you like.”

The tension in the back of my neck eased. I looked up at him and smiled. He was tall and skinny, but he had a friendly face.

“Thanks,” I said. “My name’s Terry. I’m looking for the Brothers.”

“This’s the place,” he answered with a broad grin. “I’m Truck. Come on. I’ll introduce you to the guys.”

We walked into the Pink Dragon. It took a couple of minutes before I could see anything in all that dark. By the time I could see, Truck had led me over to the bar.

“Has that kid got ID?” the bartender yelled. “I don’t want no trouble with the law.”

“He’s got it,” Truck said. “Show him, kid.”

I held up the fold of plastic that contained a social security card and a credit card. Although the bartender was over five feet away and couldn't possibly see what I had, he nodded and went on washing glasses.

"Who's your buddy?" a gruff voice demanded.

"Terry's the name. He wants to join the Brothers, don't you, kid?"

The continual use of the word "kid" was getting on my nerves, but I didn't dare say anything. Once my eyes adjusted, I could see that these guys were really tough! They wore leather jackets instead of the blue denim colors the Angels always wore. They all wore chains around their middle, too, and that made them look like they were cruising for a fight. There were only a couple of really tall dudes, but all of them looked big. They wore heavy boots, not biker's style but the rough cowhide clods like the Angels wear. To me they looked keen, and there was something extra about them that I couldn't even name. It was a virile, alive quality that aroused me a little just looking at them. Their Levi's were the same coarse button-downs an Angel would wear but these guys wore them like skin, their bulges outlined defiantly, and they had a way of leaning back against the bar with their bodies bowed out over their bar stools so that their cocks really showed. They weren't afraid of being proud of what they had. There were two black guys, and one of them had a bulge that stuck out like a big log. The damn thing must have dangled halfway to his knees! I was glad they couldn't see my pecker, because it was full sized and getting hard as hell.

I met guys named Big Stick, Nate (the black with the big dong), Toby and Rex. The other black's name was Stud. There was Ted and Mike and Rod and a whole bunch of other guys that I can't remember. I got real excited, but I was a little cagier about asking to join than I'd been an hour before.

"What does a guy have to do to get in around here?" I mumbled over my second beer (and it was the second beer I'd had in all my life, my folks being so churchy and all).

"I don't think you'll have anything to worry about," Truck confided. "Of course, it's up to Bull, but I expect he'll go along."

"Bull? Who's Bull?"

“He’s the Big Brother, friend,” Truck explained. “A lot of these bastards here don’t even own a bike, and Bull’s been warning them that they’ll have to come through or cut out. You’re pretty young to be out cruising in this neighborhood, but as long as you’ve got wheels, I think he’ll... Hey! Knock it off!”

Two guys had started wrestling. Truck didn’t yell until they turned over a bar stool. Then we turned to watch. The way they were getting it on made me shiver. It was wrestling all right, but one dude had a big hard-on and the other grabbed cock with one hand and nuts with the other as he bear hugged him over onto his belly. It wasn’t a faked fight. They were both sweating like hell, even as they laughed, but they were also getting their jollies right there in front of us.

Watching them was an education for me. I’d been turned on for half an hour or more, but I hadn’t got it through my head that these guys were really gay until I saw the way those two got it on. They were different than me in that they were violently masculine, all of them, but their objective was the same.

Wasn’t that why I’d wanted to be a Hell’s Angel? I wondered. Of course, I had feelings that I couldn’t ignore, but at the same time I desperately wanted to be a man. At least I’d longed for the approval that could come only if I were a man. Realizing that I’d now found the answer to both dreams in this one group, I felt a tingling sensation spread across my skin until I was shaking all over his excitement.

“I rode in from Arizona today,” I said to Truck. “You think somebody could put me up for the night, or do I have to see Bull first?”

“Don’t sweat it,” he said. “We’ll find you a place. We don’t leave anyone on the street.”

“I sure don’t want to go back to that hotel. My roommate O.D.’d some time in the middle of the night.”

Truck laughed. “Was it a shooting gallery?”

I shrugged. “He shot up, sure enough. I don’t know. Do you suppose I’ll get a chance to find out anything tonight? Do you think Bull will show up?”

“Bull’s here now.”

The voice was deep and musical in a powerful sort of way. I looked up and nobody had to tell me that the speaker was the Brother's leader, Bull.

CHAPTER FOUR

Bull was big and blond with green eyes that cut through you when he looked your way, yet when he smiled he showed a flash of white teeth that could disarm the most wary. He had a cleft in his chin and a wide neck, and I don't guess I'd ever seen anyone as handsome as he was.

"Who's this?" he demanded. "He's just a kid."

"This is Terry," Truck said. "He came in from Arizona today. He has his own wheels."

"That the green metal flake?"

"Yes," I said.

"Not a bad bike for a beginner. How old are you?"

I puffed myself up a little, ready to tell him a lie, but he added, "The truth, friend. Dig?"

Grudgingly I nodded my head. "I'm sixteen," I admitted. "I've got about fifteen bucks left in my pocket, and I don't know anyone in this town."

"Why'd you come?" he asked.

"I came to join the Angels, but they said I was too young. Then they told me about you."

"What'd they say?"

"They said you'd be more my... uh, that you sometimes took younger guys."

"Son-of-bitching muthafuckers," he muttered. "Tell me what they really said!"

The way he said it scared the piss out of me. "That's all. Honest. They... they said you might take me. I asked if you were tough, and they said, 'Yes,' and then the fat pig said, 'and that's ain't all.' That's all they said, Bull!"

“Get that whine out of your voice, Terry,” he snapped. “This club is for men. We don’t care how old you are, but we don’t put up with no queens!”

If Bull didn’t want me to whine, I’d never whine again. That’s the way he affected me. Just looking at him turned my knees to jelly and my cock to stone. It also reminded me of something that might win his approval.

“I sure made that fat pig mad,” I boasted. “They had to grab him to keep him from coming at me.”

Several of the guys exchanged glances at that. Then Bull asked me to explain, and I told him about the pat on the butt and how I’d reacted to the fat guy’s insulting remark. They all seemed to know who he was and they all roared with laughter at my reference to his lard being hard on his bike.

“Well!” snorted Truck. “The kid’s proved he’s got guts.”

“What good’s that going to do him when he hasn’t got any brains?” Bull asked.

Everyone agreed that no one in their right mind would go into the Angel’s own territory and insult anyone as ornery as Natchez White, which is what the fat pig was called.

“You got a place where I could put up until I find a job?” I asked.

“Don’t you worry about no job,” Bull said. “As far as a place to stay, you can stow your gear with me.”

I couldn’t think of a single thing to say. I was so excited that I don’t even remember much of what went on after that. Truck put up a half-hearted effort to coax me over to his pad, but he wasn’t about to tangle with Bull. We sat around drinking and watching different guys screw around, wrestling with each other. Watching them really turned me on, and I kept wondering what it would be like to screw around with Bull.

Sometime after eleven I began getting drowsy because I’d never boozed it up before. When I began turning green, Bull stretched one of my arms around his neck and walked me into the can.

“Stick your finger down your throat and heave,” he ordered. “You’ll feel better then.”

While I heaved, he held me with one arm around my back and one hand holding me up by the crotch.

“Now, you can take a piss and get the rest of it,” he said when I’d finished. I played drunk and said I couldn’t get it out. Still holding me beside him, he reached in and pulled my pecker out. I was drunk enough that I’d forgot all about my size. Having just heaved my guts out, my prod was soft, but when he got his hands on it, it made a valiant effort to grow.

Bull laughed. “Until you get a hard-on, you’re nothing but a button,” he teased. “I think that’s what I’ll call you. From now on, your name’s Button.”

I pissed for him while he held me. It took a real effort to get a stream going, and I felt faint and dizzy there in his arms. While two fingers worked my foreskin, the rest of his hand had sort of worked back into my pants to cup my balls. I was wildly elated by his attention.

“I never drank before,” I admitted.

He chuckled. “I guessed that. You feel better?”

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Yes.”

“Don’t simper!” he said shortly. “I don’t mind screwing around with a guy, but none of us’ll put up with a dude that thinks he’s a friggin’ girl.”

“What’d I do?” I asked.

“That mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm business. Can it.”

I hadn’t even noticed that I’d mmmmmmmmm’d. He stood there, stroking my cock thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said, “If you feel well enough to ride, I think we ought to head for my pad.”

“Okay,” I said. I was afraid to say anything more.

Truck and Nate were horsing around when we got back to the bar. It was quite a sight.

“You give me that beer back or I’ll grab a handful of your nuts!” Nate roared.

“Promises! Promises!” snorted Nate.

Truck lunged out and got his fast wrapped around the black man's huge bulging dick. Nate laughed.

"Now that you've got them, what d'ya intend to do with them? You ain't man enough for much."

"Like shit!" growled Truck, and he moved in. A moment later the pair tumbled to the floor, laughing and yelling as each struggled to keep the other down. I looked down and saw the outline of Nate's aroused log. I couldn't believe any cock could be that large!

"We're splitting," Bull said, and not one of the guys tried to size-ass him.

We walked out and climbed on our bikes. Without a word, he took off and I followed. My lonely, empty days were over.

Bull's place was a tiny little old-fashioned house set between two fairly old apartment houses. The place was set back behind trees and bushes so that although it was run down and cruddy, it could still boast of more privacy than any place else around. It turned out to be a perfect place. We pushed our bikes on in and parked them in the middle of what had once been the living room. There was a tool box, a couple of gas cans and a case of oil, plus a lot of old rags and stuff for cleaning bikes.

In the dining room were sleeping bags, all laid out around the wall. There were some cans scattered around for ash trays but nothing else in the room. Behind that was the kitchen. There was no refrigerator but he had a two burner electric hot plate to cook on. In the bedroom was a stash of bike parts, several electric guitars and amplifiers, and some stereo sets.

"You ever steal anything?"

"Sure," I lied.

"In Whittman?" he asked incredulously.

"Okay. I haven't, but I can learn."

"How much screwing around have you done?"

I couldn't look at him. My eyes dropped to the floor.

“Some.”

“You a virgin?”

“No.”

“You know what a virgin is?”

“You want to know if I’ve ever taken it up the ass?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I have.”

“Was the guy straight?”

“Yes.”

“Then the first thing you’ve got to get over is being the pansy. We don’t put up with anything like that.”

“You mean I shouldn’t take it up the ass?”

“NO!” he roared impatiently. “I mean you shouldn’t just bend over and take it any time anyone asks. Be a man. Tell them they’ll have to fight for what they get, and you make them take everything they dish out.”

“You mean I should do it back to them.”

“Two men should treat each other square, don’t you think?”

“Sure. What about sucking. Does that mean I should make them do that to me, too?”

“I don’t see why not. If you’re always letting guys shit on you, then you must like it. That’s a masochist, and no man can be that. The way the old queens will do anything to please their lay... shit! There ain’t nothing lower than that!”

“It sounds keen, what you say it should be.”

“It’s the only way you can face yourself, man. I wouldn’t have it any other way. How about some coffee?”

“Thanks.”

“I suppose you’d like a shower, too, if you’ve been on the road.”

“I sure would.”

Bull held out the flat of his hand, pointing toward the bathroom. “The john’s in there. Be my guest. I might even join you.”

I’d gotten some inkling of the Brother’s behavior from watching them at the club. Now I’d had it spelled out. I could go into the john and maybe be left alone or I could stand here and undress openly, asking for his attention so long as I didn’t act effeminate about it. Virile, that’s what I was going to have to learn to be. As casually as I could, I shrugged off my jacket and skinned out of my T-shirt. Then I took a long sip of coffee and began unlacing my shoes.

“It’s taken me two years to earn that bike,” I said. “I knew what I wanted when I was fourteen, and I guess I accepted the fact that stealing would be a part of it if I was going to be in a gang.”

“It’s the only alternative I know of to working, and that’s not too cool,” he said.

I chuckled. “I know. I delivered milk for two years to earn that bike, but it was worth it. The second day after I got it, I managed to tell everyone off, including that straight bastard that used me to bring down his horn after he’d been out with his prick teasing girl.”

“Good for you,” Bull said. Off came his jacket and shirt. “I could have kiped you a bike in an hour. It was a shame you wasted all that time.”

I was down to my shorts and pants now, and that’s when I began having second thoughts. I was small, and I didn’t like having my dong made fun of. Besides, I already had a hard-on, just being with Bull. It was no good having him know how much he turned me on. I got up and headed for the door.

“Button,” he called.

“Yeah?”

“Drop your pants.”

I turned around and stared at him. “I don’t like being made fun of,” I said.

He seemed pleased with the way I'd answered, but he didn't apologize. "You'll get used to it," he said. "Now drop your pants." I started to obey and then thought better of it.

"I ain't seen any of you hanging out, yet," I said.

Bull grinned openly then. Standing up, he unbuttoned his fly, and I had to watch the way his fingers pushed into the spongy bulge as he pressed each button through its hole. When he had his fly open, his flesh pushed into the opening as though there weren't room in his pants for all his marvelous equipment. Then he grabbed the back of his waistband and pushed his jeans down below his ass. His boxers moved down with them. Around came his hands to the front again and the next push freed his swollen cock. It leaped out and slapped up against his middle and that sweet mutha was as big around as a man's fist and easily a foot long!

"My God!" I gasped.

"You going to get those jeans off or do you want me to wrassle them off of you?"

My hands were itching to grab ahold of him.

"Wrassle me," I whispered.

It was a one-sided contest since he outweighed me by fifty pounds, but the feel of his cock rubbing against my leg made his victory damned easy to bear. When I could, I grabbed hold of his thick, hot pole and clung to that feverish muscle while he unbuttoned my jeans.

"Keep your fuckin' fingers out of my pants," I cried.

It was a great game for I would have cried if he'd taken his deliciously teasing fingers away. He reached inside, beneath my shorts, and scooped my goodies up until he had his whole hand in, cupping them.

"Little Button stretches out considerably when he gets a hard-on, don't he?" he teased. "If your dick wasn't so skinny, it'd be near regular length."

"Shut up!" I wailed. "Keep your mutha fuckin' mouth shut about my dong! Christ! You'd all think no one was ever sixteen before. I'll get there!"

"You've got the idea, Button," he rasped huskily. "Now let's get your pants off of you. I want to get your ass into that shower where I can screw

your butt.”

“Like hell,” I sniffed.

“For a buddy. If you’re going to be a Brother, you’re supposed to help out a buddy when he needs it.”

That was a hopeful note. As small as I was, I couldn’t see defending my tail physically every time I got a piece.

“I guess I wouldn’t mind helping you out,” I said. “So long as you don’t mind helping me.”

“Anytime, buddy... any way.”

He had me bare-ass naked by this time, and he was feeling me up so good that I was afraid I might jump the gun and cream off in his hands. Then, when I’d just got up the nerve to reach for his big old dong, he helped me up and led the way into the can. The shower sprayed into an old fashioned bathtub with clawed feet and a shower curtain that was clammy and very stiff. Bull reached in and fit a stopper into the drain.

“This is the only clean part of the house,” he said. “I’m very fussy about my can. We don’t have no toilet paper around here, for one thing. It’s a filthy habit, wiping yourself. I expect you to wash your ass every time you take a crap.”

I couldn’t tell whether he was serious or only poking fun. I decided I’d better play it straight.

“Sure, Bull,” I said. “Anything you want.”

“You remember that,” he snorted as he reached in and turned on the shower.

“With you as big as you are, I’m not likely to forget.”

He stood there, adjusting the spray until he had it to suit him. Then he had me step in and he climbed in beside me. Taking the soap, he began lathering me up, starting with the neck and shoulders and working his way down over my skinny chest.

“You’re in a hell of a shape,” he scolded. “You need to exercise more. Now, you’ve got good muscles here, probably from carrying all those

cartons of milk, but here... here there's nothing. That's the trouble with working. You build up only one set of muscles. I'll work out a program for you. You'll be surprised at how much it can do for you."

I would have exercised all day if Bull asked me to. The things his hands were doing to my skin were so exciting that I could scarcely breathe. My gut kept fluttering and I couldn't keep from pinching my quim and cock eye open and closed in a fast, hungry rhythm.

He lathered my nipples individually as though they deserved great attention, and then he turned me around so he could see when he washed my butt.

"You've got a good ass," he said. "here, let me see. Christ, you never took much bigger than a pencil, did you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean up the ass, stupid. That's about as tender a bung as I ever saw. You sure you ain't no virgin?"

"No... I mean, yes. I'm sure. I'm no virgin."

"Well, I imagine there's still some things old Bull can teach you," he said.

I figured he was right, but I didn't want him to know I was shook up over him the way I was.

"You teach me whatever you like," I said, "so long as I get my licks in when it's over."

Bull chortled at that. "Fair enough. Now turn around and let me tickle that tally whacker a bit. Jeez, but that's an interesting shape. Sort of bite-sized, if you know what I mean."

"My dick's not that little."

"No. It's long enough, but still so slender, like a new shoot of grass coming up in the spring."

"Was your cock full sized at sixteen?"

"No, I don't guess so... well, pretty nearly, I think. Everyone's different. I had a brother that grew six inches after he was eighteen. It's just that I

haven't seen any young stuff in a long time. I guess that's why it turns me on."

He bent over and kissed my prick... right on the tip, and before I could catch my breath, he sucked that mutha in! Christ! I'd never felt anything so wild before in my life. My body got as hard as my cock and I began shaking all over. My lungs were too paralyzed for me to breathe.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

It lasted no more than a minute, but I was near to chucking my load before he pulled away. He quickly turned off the spray then and told me to get on all fours.

There was, by this time, over a foot of warm water in the tub. I dropped down into the soapy slush and waited while Bull soaped up my butt. He worked up a thick, creamy lather from my crease on down and around past my bung and balls and up the length of my prod, rubbing briskly to build up the suds until, again, I came close to having my nuts cracked. My belly, cock and balls were all in the soapy warm water until it was sort of like screwing around in my mother's womb.

When I finally felt his snub-nosed love muscle butt up against my asshole, I eagerly worked to help open the gates to let this enormous prick in.

He was in no hurry. Slowly he wormed his thick cudgel into my bowel. He had to stretch me so far apart to accommodate him that for a terrifying moment or two I was afraid my ass'd split. Then he passed my inner ring without causing me any discomfort. After that, I began to relax.

With all that had happened these last few hours, I'd not had much of a chance to examine or come to appreciate Bull's enormous cock. I'd gasped at the size of it, thrilled to the feel of it, but the attention of its owner filled such a long-starved place within me that I had been seeing him with my heart rather than with my cock. Now that his cock was inside of me where I couldn't see it, the feelings he raised were too much to allow for any other thought. All I could think of was that he'd kissed my cock. Crazy thought, but no one had ever done that before.

Once inside of me, he kept pushing his prod slowly in until his belly was flat against my ass. It seemed incredible that I could have taken all of

his huge dick.

“There,” he said. “How was that?”

“Fine.”

“Did I hurt you?”

“No. The stretching was a little hairy for a bit, but that’s gone now.”

“I don’t want to scar you,” he said. “When you start tearing, your ass gets a little tougher every time. It ain’t no good screwing a hard ass. I want you to keep your butt tender and soft.”

He reached around and began messing with my cock. For a long time he just rested there with his dick inside of me while he fondled my joy-boy. He knew how to make a guy feel good.

“Button,” he said at last. “I don’t want you to let none of the other guys play around with your cock... and the big-donged studs are to keep their cocks out of your ass, too.”

The connotation of what he meant was more exciting to me than the actual words, for it sounded to me like he might be staking a claim. I had an urge to moan, to twist around and wrap my arms around him, but I didn’t dare.

“You hear?” he demanded.

“Yes, Bull. That’s fine by me.”

“When a guy offers to jack you off while he’s reaming you, you tell him to get screwed. Tell him you don’t mind helping a buddy out, but you don’t need any help from them. If they don’t like it, you tell them to come see Bull.”

“They can’t suck my dick either?” I asked.

He thought for a minute about that. “I guess that’s all right. I just don’t want them playing around with their hands.”

It was a curious request, but I was delighted that he’d asked. It meant that he wanted some private part of me for himself, and I wanted to be his more than anything I’d ever wanted in my life.

“I won’t let anyone touch me if you don’t want me to,” I offered, but he quickly declined.

“The Brothers don’t do that,” he said. Then he took a deep breath and added, “Hang on.”

He began pulling out that fat, long log of his until only the head of it was still inside my asshole. It felt like it was sucking up my guts with it, it was so big, and when it was gone I felt a part of me was empty again. Then he slowly pushed it into me again.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

“Good stuff,” he agreed, and again he began pulling his cock out of my gut.

He continued that way for several minutes with the timeless, deliberate poundings into my ass. It was only a few minutes before I realized that I couldn't possibly hold off. I was too hot to make it last.

“Bull...” I gasped. “I can’t hang on!”

“You going to cum?” He took his fondling fingers away from my prod.

"I'm sorry," I wailed. "I can't help it. It's so fuckin' good!"

His cock sawing in and out of me now increased speed, as he tried to match his emotions with mine. Soon he was ramming into me with a bull's voracity, pounding... slamming it home for all he was worth. It was all I could do to hang on.

“Fuck me, Bull!” I begged. “Jab it in! In! IN!”

[illegible]

“EYIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!”

He held my prick tight against my belly, milking it with one hand and smearing my cum around over my belly with the other. Then I felt the telephone pole inside of me jerk and swell, and I knew that Bull was about

to blow. As exhausted as I was, I began working my muscles to siphon up his cum. It wasn't long before his gravy began to pour.

“OHHHHHHH, SHHHHHHHHHHHHIT!” he roared.

I kept squeezing my muscles until he collapsed on top of me.

“Was it good?” I asked, hungrily conniving for an affectionate word.

“Oh, you sweet bastard,” he groaned. “What a great, fuckin’ asshole!”

CHAPTER FIVE

I was in a perpetual state of ecstasy after that night. All my dreams of both manhood and love were answered in Bull. He treated me with fondness and he treated me with respect. Both were heady sensations that I'd lived without for a long time.

There was only one catch. At no time could I fully show my feelings. I couldn't throw myself at him, as I had an urge to do. I couldn't so much as mention how I felt for my manhood got in the way of my love feelings, and my love got in the way of my efforts to be a man.

Although all of this would have been obvious to anyone on the outside looking in, my ecstasy kept me from seeing it. Instead, I continually pushed any hint of a problem out of my mind. There it lay, quietly accumulating.

We explored each other that first night, "helping a buddy out" time and time again and then laughing over our seemingly inexhaustible "problem." No sooner had we gotten the kinks worked out of our cock muscles than they'd begin knotting up with tension again. By the next morning we were pretty well fucked out.

"We've got to cut this crap or we'll be in no shape to initiate you," Bull warned.

"Initiation? What initiation? When does that come off?" I asked.

"Whenever you think you're man enough."

I wouldn't be put off. To my hungry ears, initiation meant acceptance.

"What do I have to do?"

Bull shrugged, taking his time as he reached for and lit a fresh cigarette. "It's no big thing, really," he said. "We have a thing against queens. I guess you heard us talking about them last night. If it wasn't for them we wouldn't have to problems we do."

"How you figure?" I asked.

"Look at the Greeks. Everyone admires them and the guys there always screwed around together when they country was at its greatest. The only

difference I can see between then and now is that they didn't try to make themselves into a poor imitation of a female bitch like these fucking queens do. They make the whole business seem unnatural. Anyway, for initiation we have our guys get themselves picked up by a queen and the rest of the pack follows. As soon as they get with it, we step in and bugger the shit out of the queen. They generally love it. They're screaming for more all the way to the hospital."

"You hurt them bad enough to send them to the hospital?"

"Gang banging is rough on the ass. They sometimes need a stitch or two, but that puts them out of business for a few weeks, anyway. The sonofabitches quit cruising out where everyone can see them after we get through with them!"

I'd never seen a queen before, but if they were the cause of all the hell I'd been put through, then they deserved whatever they got.

"How can I tell when I see one?"

Bull's eyes grew very large. "You can't be that dumb!" he exclaimed. "My God, you mean you've never seen a queen?"

I apologized. It seemed like I should, and I suggested that perhaps I'd met one and just never known them by that name. He assured me that by any name, I would recognize a queen.

"Do they dress like women?"

"Not necessarily."

"Do they act like a woman?"

"More or less, usually," he said. "I'll show you some this afternoon."

"Can we pull it off then tonight?"

Bull grinned and, reaching over, tousled my head. "That's the boy," he said. "Come on. Let's go get us some breakfast and then we'll look up some of the boys. They'll want to know what we've got planned."

We rode down to the Beaner Barrel for breakfast and then dropped by the Bell Apartments where Truck shared a studio with three others, Nate,

Stud and Toby. Although it was after one o'clock on a warm afternoon, they were all still asleep.

"Hey, you sonsofbitches, get up!" roared Bull.

"Go fuck yourself," Truck mumbled back in a drowsy but good natured tone.

There was one big king-sized bed, and all four men were in it. Bull grabbed the covers and jerked them away.

"It's morning... afternoon, actually," he boomed jovially. "Rise and shine!"

Truck came up storming, but I didn't watch. All I could see was Nate's huge pecker, stretched out like an elephant trunk on the bed. It was totally relaxed, but it was still longer than anything I'd ever heard of, and it was as big around as Bull's cock when it was hard. A thing like that up a guy's ass would split him in two. No wonder the queens went to the hospital after the boys got through with them.

I'd heard that big cocks usually stayed near the same size when they got jacked up. Surely Nate's prick must be like that. God save anyone he screwed around with if it didn't.

"How about joining us?" Nate asked. He was staring straight at me. I could feel my cheeks begin to burn.

"Nope," Bull said quickly. "We got business. We got to initiate this boy tonight."

"Can I have an 'amen' for initiations?" Stud asked.

"I'm ready," Truck agreed.

"First we got to show him what a queen is," Bull went on, then paused dramatically to await their reactions. He was not disappointed. Bugged eyes and hoots of disbelief quickly followed.

"You've got to be kidding!" Toby said with a snort. "Christ! What is he? A virgin?"

"No. Just a kid from the sticks."

"You sure you don't feel like screwing around?" Nate asked.

Was it my imagination or was that trunk of his growing? Bull glanced at it and then looked sternly up at Nate.

“I might as well tell you now,” Bull said. “You’re to keep that log of yours out of Button’s tail.”

“Button? I thought his name was Terry,” Stud commented. Then he whistled. “I take it he’s tender.”

“Yes, and you horses are going to leave him that way.”

“You making him yours?” Truck asked.

All of them were scowling by this time. “Of course not,” Bull said. “I’m just providing a little interested protection. That’s all.”

Nate raised an eyebrow, but he didn’t say another word. His pecker was dangling again by the time he got up and headed for the can. I could see it swing between his legs as he walked, even from the backside.

“Never saw anything like that before, have you?” Stud asked.

“No,” I admitted.

“He’s been featured in STUD magazine three times.”

“We call him Super Pecker,” Toby said with a chuckle.

I could feel Bull watching me, and I knew he was wondering how fickle I’d be. “Seems like it would be a lot of bother having to carry that much dick around,” I lied.

Once the four of them were finally up and dressed, we headed for another apartment looking for Big Stick and Rex and Sammy John. Fortunately they were just getting on their bikes to come looking for Bull, so the nine of us headed back to the Beaner Barrel so Truck and the guys could have their breakfast. We looked so cool, riding in a pack. I wasn’t cool inside, though. I was as excited as hell!

By the time we got into the restaurant and ordered, it was four o’clock, so Bull and I had lunch. While we were sitting there a queen came in. I got jabbed from a dozen directions all at once. I studied the guy as good as I could, but I couldn’t see anything different about him until he picked up his

tray from the line and headed for the back tables where we were. The second he saw us, he began behaving differently.

It was like he'd changed gears and was now going into some kind of an act. Without speaking to any of us or even glancing our way, he tried to draw our attention by exaggerating every move. By the time he'd emptied his tray and sat down, I watched him cross his leg over his knee with the same exasperation that my father must have felt with me. He wasn't just graceful; he was a simpering, effeminate fool.

And this is what my father was afraid I'd turn into. It wasn't what I might have been doing out behind the goddamned barn. It was how I'd look in front of their friends if I'd gone overboard like that queen. Bull was right. It was the queens that made it hard on the rest of us.

"Should I let him pick me up?" I asked.

"It's too early," Bull cautioned. "We'll find another one for you tonight."

I don't know how much truth there was in the Brother's condemnation of the queen, but it made it possible for me to blame my miseries on something besides my folks. I did this so instantly that soon I was feeling terribly ashamed for the crude way I behaved when I split. I even entertained the notion of telephoning my mother to let her know I was safe, but then I remembered that their feelings might have been caused by the queens, but their outward behavior toward me couldn't have changed.

As we walked out of the restaurant, Truck tossed the guy a penny. Perplexed, the poor queen looked up and said, "I don't understand. Thank you, but... ah..."

Truck grinned. "That's how much your show was worth," he said with a sneer.

The rest of us thought it was tremendously funny, and we laughed all the way out to our bikes. Then we climbed on and again became a pack of bike riders, speeding down the freeways, baking and turning as one. If I'd had anything to say about it, we'd have ridden on for hours. I moved in close to Bull.

“Could we ride on out of town for while?” I asked. “There isn’t anything else we have to do, is there?”

“Tomorrow, maybe,” he said. “Tonight we’re going to gang fuck a queen.”

“Sure, Bull, but it’s only five.”

“Tomorrow,” he said again, but this time in a tone that I couldn’t argue with.

We split up right after that. I didn’t know why until Bull and I were back at his pad.

“You got to change,” he said. “The queens have got so they can smell a biker a mile off.”

“What should I wear? I didn’t bring anything but jeans.”

“Bell left some knit slacks and a flowered shirt when he left. I threw it into one of the closets. Let me see.”

I didn’t know who Bell was. I’d never heard of him before, but when I tried on his pants I knew he was smaller than me. Those mutha’s fit me like I’d been poured into them, and I knew I could never bend over or they’d split.

“Perfect!” exclaimed Bull. “They’ll never guess you’re a biker now.”

“I can’t wear these, Bull,” I argued. “They’re apt to split! Besides, they don’t feel right after jeans.”

He assured me that I looked exactly right. I put on the shirt then and I really did look pretty good.

“Let’s ride,” he said. “It’s six-thirty now. We might as well head for the Pink Dragon and wait there for the guys.”

“Where’d the others go?”

“To round everybody up. We’ve got a lot of non-riders that’ll want to be in on the initiation.”

“How come they don’t have bikes?”

“I don’t know. Every one of them promised to get wheels when they joined, but they never seem to get around to it.”

“Then you ought to kick them out.”

I knew I’d said the wrong thing even before it was all out. Here I wasn’t even initiated yet, and I was already telling the president how to run his club.

“You think nine guys could defend themselves against... say the Hell’s Angels?”

“I see what you mean,” I admitted. “Couldn’t we help some of them to get bikes, though?”

“Steal them?”

“I don’t know. I just think it’d look better if everyone had a bike.”

He wasn’t angry. After we’d locked our bikes up in front of the Pink Dragon, Bull clamped a friendly hand onto my shoulder and guided me into the bar.

For the next few hours we sat around sipping beer and talking to those that came in. One by one the bikers arrived and, with them, the rest of the guys. The comments on my clothes were loud and suggestive, and everywhere I walked someone managed to pat me on the fanny.

Bull watched how much I drank and slowed me down when I got carried away. Otherwise, he pretty much left me alone. By nine I was feeling no pain, but I wasn’t too drunk to function. I’d even gotten myself sucked off once in the can. I could have had it a dozen times, but I didn’t want Bull to have to calm me down on that too.

Nate was the last one to arrive. Around ten he walked in and asked, “Is he ready?”

Bull nodded his head and everyone began moving in as he turned to me.

“Half a mile from here,” he began, “there’s a place called the Purple Bull. I want you to walk up there and look the place over. It’s only six or seven blocks. When you get inside, you’ll get propositioned by a lot of studs, but you tell them you’re not interested. What you’re looking for is bread. They’ll leave you alone then and you can...”

“What’s bread? You mean I want someone to pay?”

“That’s right. Then you just walk around the club until some old queen takes the bait. Be careful not to say anything about bikes or us. They’re skittish about the Brothers down there.”

“You blame them?” I asked with a chuckle.

“It’s more than our initiations. We’re like rival teams, if you know what I mean.”

“When I find a guy... a queen, then what do I do with him?”

Eyeballs rolled back into sockets, and several groaned in desperation.

“My God!” someone muttered.

“He can’t be that stupid!” said someone else.

“CUT THE SHIT!” roared Bull.

It was several minutes before everyone calmed down. By that time I was too mad to wait for what Bull had to say.

“All I meant was, where was I to bring the sonofabitch?” I snapped.

That brought some laughs, even from Bull.

“You’ll see some stores across the street,” he said. “Tell him you’ve got an apartment back there off the alley. We’ll meet you there.”

I nodded. Anxious to get on with it, I pushed away from the bar and made my way through the crowd while the rest of them laid bets on how long it would take me. I gathered by their conversation that the faster I got him over there, the more class I’d show. Vowing to be the fastest initiate they’d ever had I sprinted down the block.

I almost missed my opportunity for a block from the Purple Bull I saw an old man step out from the shadows up ahead. I was about to run around him when his hand fluttered outward. There was something in that movement that stopped me. Perhaps it reminded me of something that queen had done back at the Beaner Barrel. Perhaps it was something else, but the possibilities opened up to me almost immediately. If this was a queen, I’d stand a good chance of setting a new record. Hell, I might even get the guy screwed by the time they arrived. Wouldn’t that be a gas!

“Son?” he said.

“What’s your trouble?”

“...Were you heading for the Purple Bull by any chance?”

“Yes.”

“Are you for sale?”

I grinned broadly. “Sure,” I said.

“Good! How I dreaded going in there. Where can we go?”

“Follow me.”

I led him across the street, glancing down the way I’d come to see if there was any sign of the guys. The street was dead quiet.

“There’s a very private alley back here,” I said, deciding I couldn’t pull Bull’s apartment idea with so much time to have to stall.

“Right out in the open? Don’t the police patrol?”

“No. Come on.”

I looked him over as we walked. He sure didn’t look like that other queen I’d seen. This man’s clothes were old and sloppy and he wore a scraggly white beard and long, yellowish white hair. The man in the restaurant had been dapper to the point of being foppish. This guy looked more like a bum, but he was somehow more likeable, too.

“How you want it?” I asked.

“Just let me play with you,” he begged. “I haven’t had a cock in my mouth for so long that I... well, I just need it. That’s all.”

It was fine by me. We reached the alley, and I looked around for a place to hide. It wasn’t going to be easy to act like I knew my way around when I’d never been in an alley in my life.

In places the alley was wider than at other places, for there was truck parking space behind a market while the smaller stores were set back further, butting directly against the street. There were trash cans and boxes in a corner where the market and the other stores met. I figured that was as good a place as any.

“Over here,” I said.

I was feeling all bubbly and excited inside as I unzipped. I thought of what a good joke this was going to be on the guys, and it took all the control I could muster to keep from laughing out loud. Having only been sucked off once, not counting last night with Bull, I was pretty certain I’d pop off in a very short time. What a joke that would be if I not only beat the guys here but got my rocks off and was ready to leave before they arrived.

“Can you turn around and face the light so I can see it?” he asked after I got my pecker out.

For a moment, I recoiled, for I was afraid he’d make a remark about the size of my cock, but anticipation already had it half-boned, and I didn’t figure I’d ever see the old coot again, anyway. I made myself turn.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” he sighed. “Tender... tender!”

That’s when the guys came roaring into the alley on their bikes. They were talking and laughing back and forth and they squirreled around, doing tight figure eights and wheelies to kill time. I thought they’d never get around to noticing us. I didn’t call to them or anything. The old guy had wrapped his mouth around my prick just before they roared in. Now he was too paralyzed to move away. With that smoldering wet mouth enveloping my dick, I could wait indefinitely.

CHAPTER SIX

It was Truck that finally saw me. He caught me in the headlights of his bike as he came around the bottom side of a figure eight.

“It can’t be! BULL!”

Moments later there were eight bike lights zeroed in on us and a couple of vans were pulling in behind.

“You almost missed the show,” I said quietly (and if there was ever a moment in my life that I’d gladly live over, this was it!) “What took you so long?”

The old man had dropped my prod by this time. Scrambling to his feet, he gazed groggily around him, his mind obviously in a daze.

“Wh-what...?”

“What’s your name, old man?”

“T-Tom.”

“Is that all the name you have?”

His jaw clamped tightly shut. His lips barely moved as he muttered, “It’s enough.”

Some of the guys didn’t like his answer and moved forward threateningly. Bull warned them away.

“You’ve got guts,” he said. “That’s cool.”

“You’re the Brother’s aren’t you?” the old man asked.

“Yes, Tom, and you’ve just arrived in heaven.”

Tom looked at me. “And this is a new initiate, I suppose?”

“Right again. Now you’re the lucky guy that gets to get screwed by all us guys. It’s an honor, you know.”

“If I live through it,” the old man muttered.

“Come now,” snorted Bull. “Every queen we ever buggered begged for more.”

The old man proudly lifted his head. “I don’t beg for anything,” he said.

I felt for the old coot. It was funny, but I really felt bad there for a minute or so. Then two guys grabbed him and two moire skinned down his pants. When they reached for his soft, swollen prick, he let out a groan of ecstasy that took away any feeling I had of guilt. Already the old guy was having himself a ball!

“Bend him over that trash can,” Bull ordered. “Here, put my jacket under his belly. There’s no use cutting him up. Right, now let’s get Button up here. He deserves to be first.”

“Hear! Hear!”

I pushed my way through in a hurry before anyone could change their minds.

“I’m ready,” I said.

Bull grinned. “You want it wet or dry?”

I thought of the way Walt used to hurt me when his prick went in dry. I should have paid more attention to why Bull wore that leer.

“Wet, I guess,” I said. “No use hurting him any more than necessary.”

With a chuckle, Bull reached for the back of my head and pushed me down hard until my face was pressed into a badly fouled creased. I held my breath, gathered saliva in my suddenly dry mouth, and spat it against his crudded bun. Then I pulled away with such a jerk that I caught Bull off guard.

He watched me gasp for air. “What’s the matter, Button? Can’t you take it?”

“That sonofabitch hasn’t wiped his ass in six months!” I hissed.

The guys were all laughing by this time. Before Bull could push me down again, I rammed my dick up against the old man’s crease. I held the guy’s flabby ass against me so they couldn’t see that my dick wasn’t hard enough to poke through. (I’d lost my starch from the stench!) I reached

around under him and skinned open my dick. Then I began rubbing the soft head into his crusted crapper.

His bung began working instantly like a sucking eel, and the feel of the moist inner surface clutching at me got my reamer into working condition fast. Quickly I stuck him and went to dogging.

“That’s the boy, Button!” urged Bull. “You give that dart of yours plenty of exercise, and you’ll have a good-sized dick in no time.”

“Shut your friggin’ mouth,” I groaned.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” my victim sighed.

The guys had formed a tight circle around us. There were perhaps twenty of them all raring to cornhole that one horny old man, and since it was out in the open, I understood without anyone having to say it that I’d have to jet my juice as fast as I could.

Bull walked around us, directing the action. “Nate,” he called. “Why don’t you step up here and let Tom suck your cock while we’re waiting? He might as well see heaven this once.”

“Yeah! Show the man your credentials, Nate!”

The old man twisted his head around as Nate unbuttoned and spread himself open. When he pulled out his gaff it was already hard enough to stand alone.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Tom groaned.

His hair was scraggly, and I could see his scrawny, turkey neck as he stretched, straining to get his mouth on that over sized black prod. Nate wouldn’t give him what he wanted right off. First he had to tease around, just out of the old man’s reach.

“Give him the gun, man!” someone called.

“Gun! That thing’s a cannon, don’t you know?” another voice cried, and then everyone laughed.

“You better get on with it or he’s apt to chew your balls off when he does get ahold of you. Look at that bug-eyed hunger, would ya?”

“Poor Uncle Tom,” cooed Nate.

He stopped dancing around then and let his cock head brush over the old man's lips. I could clearly hear Tom trying to suck it in.

I kept dipping into his clutching rectum, and every thrust was like turning my cock over to a massage parlor for the works. No matter how hard and crusty he was on the outside, he was a hell of a gut fuck inside!

"You like that, Tom?" Bull asked. "You like having your bread buttered on both sides?"

"Nnnnnnnnngh! Unnnnnnngh!" he grunted, but, the way he shook his head, he meant, yes.

"You can use your hands if you want to," Bull continued. "You get right down into Nate's pants there. You'll get a real kick out of feeling up those black clangers of his... Now, Button, you quit rushing things there. You screw it around a little. Take time to enjoy it, for God's sakes."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" the old man groaned.

"SHIT!" It was Nate, stretching back and moaning with delight.

My knees were shaking, but I made myself slow down and sort of grind my dick in a little. When I struck him from different directions, his butter box grabbed me in a different way. His smoldering inner muscles rippled, milking my beak until I could delay no longer. Soon my thrusts were little more than ragged, frantic jabs.

"Fuck his ass, Button!"

"Yeah! Either shit or get off the pot!"

They all laughed. "IT'S OUR TURN!" several yelled.

"Judas priest!" cried Nate. "I don't know about that end, but he sure knows how to give a first class blow job. This sonofabitch's giving me a tongue lashing that's pure art!"

Nate's eyes were half closed, and he groaned out the words as he slowly worked his body from side to side. It was a languorous, swaying motion that I couldn't help but envy in my own tense, frenzied state.

I was jumping around so, I scarcely noticed when Bull jerked down my pants. A moment later I felt a cold hard rod press against my ass.

“Up and over!” he whispered in my ear, and then he rammed that muthafucking steel rod up into my asshole!

It didn’t hurt. It wasn’t even big enough around to stretch me much, but when that cold metal touched home, I began instantly to climax as my cum began to gush.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” I wailed, and the surge of ecstasy just seemed to go on and on and on!

The old man evidently got as excited as I did because he raised his ass up high and then creamed off against the trash can just as I pulled away. I didn’t step back a foot before Truck pushed his way into position and stabbed his prick into the same home, now well lubed with my fresh cum.

“How is it?” Toby asked.

“Nicccccccce!” purred Truck. “A little sloppy, but nice.”

“OH, MOTHER-GO-FUCK-YOURSELF!” cried Nate. “Sonofabitch, I’m going to cummmmmmmmmmmMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.”

“Drown that white bastard!” Stud yelled.

“Give that cock sucking bitch what she deserves!” hissed Bull.

“Ram your cock clear down his fuckin’ throat!”

Nate was pumping his prick into the man’s mouth like he had a clear tunnel all the way. Although Tom couldn’t take even half of him, he was giving it a damn good try. Jerking his hands out of Nate’s crotch, he clung to his big dick like the black might try to pull it away.

Even from three or four feet away, I could see when Nate’s cock got ready to blow. It started jerking and jumping all on its own. In sympathy I stretched backward as Nate’s body stiffened into an arch. I could almost feel his huge horn as it began to blow.

“EYIIIIIIIIII!” he roared.

When his cry died away, the only sound came from the old man who was greedily slurping in Nate’s gruel. The stuff was running out of the corners of his mouth and dripping from his chin.

He must've had a gallon of the stuff, I thought enviously. I wouldn't waste any the way he is!

Bull clapped his hands. "Come on, you guys! Let's get with it. Who's next?"

Some guy I'd never met before jumped in and pushing his cock up into the old man's mouth. The sound of slurping and sucking began all over again. Even the pace hadn't slowed.

"Oh, Jesus!" cried the newcomer. "This sonofabitch is really good!"

By this time the smell of sex and churned shit hung heavy in the night air and burned into each guy's brain. The boring got faster and the taunts grew even more lewd than before. They were hot taunts, designed to further enflame both the speaker and listener alike. Everyone had his dick out by this time and a few that couldn't wait were doing it to each other. One or two guys were so intent on watching that they preferred to finger fuck themselves rather than get involved with anyone else. I saw techniques then that I'd never dreaming of trying on myself.

One guy kept tickling lightly over his cock and then shuddering at the effect his own fingers were able to cause. He never once grabbed a fistful, but preferred to tease himself with delicate strokes from the very tips of his fingers. While Truck reamed the guy's bilge, and the guy up front fucked his stick into the old man's mouth, this character tickled on and on and on.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, NNNNNNNNNNNNGH!" groaned Tom, and then he was slurping and swallowing another man's hot sticky cum.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnngh! Nnnngh! Nnnnnnnnnnnngh! NNNNNNNNNNNNNNGH!" grunted the guy as his fever stick boiled over with its soothing flow of juice.

"More! More!" wailed Tom.

I thought of the proud man that had stood before us, swearing he would never beg. He was cumming again, and still he cried for more.

I knew how he felt. My own body should have been satisfied, but there was another kind of a fever coming over me that was more a gang fever crying for lust. Desperate to be totally immersed in this thing we were

doing, I climbed down between the old man's legs, braced my back against the barrel and reached up to suck in Tom's tired cock.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I heard him sigh.

I wasn't the only desperate one. A moment later someone pulled my legs over to the side. Then he dropped down on all fours and buried his head between my legs. I sucked his cock and mine was sucked. I smelled all of the same foul odors I'd smelled before, only this time they made me lust for more.

The tired old prick was soft in my mouth. I rolled it around with my tongue. I had scarcely began to suck when the sonofabitch took a piss... and I was too hot to care! Although I couldn't swallow it, I let it run out of my mouth and down my chin and neck. The moment he quit, I began to suck his prick again.

Way down deep inside of me, a small part of me stood aside, marveling at what I was doing.

Wow! I thought. Wouldn't Dad crap in his pants if he could see me now?

If I hadn't had my mouth full of prick, I'd have laughed out loud.

I could hear Bull getting ready to take his turn.

"What did you guys do?" he muttered. "Shit! This is no sport. The crapper's so full of slosh that it'll be more trouble keeping my cock in than it's worth. Hey! I've got an idea. Let's see if I can skewer him from... say ten feet? No. Let me get back further. How about from here? Who wants to bet I can't run at him and plug in on the first lunge?"

"Either that or you'll break that thing."

"I won't break it. I'll bet a fifty-dollar bill that I can take a dead aim from here."

"You ain't got no fifty, Bull."

"So? I'll drop by a friendly gas station. Now what do you say?"

"You're on," someone finally yelled.

"I'll cover it."

“Me, too.”

Since I was perched under Tom, I knew I could easily get either stepped on or squashed even though my body was pulled far to the side. I dropped the old man’s pecker long enough to peer around his thigh.

“Here I come! NOW!”

He was running as fast as he could and I held my breath for fear he’d push my head halfway through that trash can. Instead, there was a sickening thud of flesh on flesh, followed by a resounding cheer.

I went back to sucking his tired old prick, but it didn’t feel right somehow. I finally gave up and pulled my head away. Then I squirmed around until I could lean back and enjoy the way someone was frenching up my meat. He’d sucked every inch of my balls, licked my asshole, and was now swallowing my dick again. I wrapped my legs up around his neck and began bucking up against his siphoning mouth.

Whoever it was, was doing great. His tongue curled lovingly around the ridge of my cock head and whipped up and down the length of my shaft. He took all of my dick to the root, and I found myself squeezing my legs together to hold him there as long as I could. The feeling was bliss.

“Beautiful,” I whispered. “God, that’s good. Suck my dick, daddy. Just keep sucking my dick!”

It felt like he was pulling the cum down from every part of my body. I tingled from my scalp to the balls of my feet, and always there was this drawing sensation until it was all there, knotted up tight in my nuts. They felt tautly swollen, and then they seemed to burst. My cum shot up through the rigid tubes, and then everything was very, VERY all right.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

I was still floating when I heard Bull cry, “Hey, you guys! The bastard’s dead!”

I came to with a start, my head still reeling with shock.

“You’re putting me on! Shit, his mouth’s still wrapped around my... Oh, Jesus!”

We all scrambled to our feet and began buttoning up, as though we wouldn't get into any trouble as long as we could get our pricks back into our pants.

"What'll we do?" someone asked.

"I don't know. Let me think," said Bull. Then everyone began talking at once.

"Let's split!"

"No."

"Yes."

"What, then, for God's sake?"

"We got to get his pants back on him." (This came from Bull.)

"What the hell for?"

"If we don't, they'll know it was us. Hell, we've been roaring around here on our bikes for half an hour or more."

"Can't we take him some place else?"

"Not on my bike."

"Shut up, you guys! All of you. You're making so fuckin' much noise I can't think!"

We all looked at Bull and waited, but it was Nate that came up with an idea.

"Anybody got a bottle of wine we could dowse on him? He looks like a wino."

"Cool!" Bull agreed. "Anybody got any wine?"

Nobody had any.

"All right," said Nate. "You... Truck. Ride back to the club and get Ted to give you the cheapest bottle of wine in the house."

"There's a liquor store on the next block," Truck argued.

"And they'll check them for sure, soon as they find the body," Bull answered. "Now, get moving. While he's gone, the rest of us can get this

dude dressed.”

I was shaking too much by this time to be much help, but I did what I could. By the time we got him dressed and dragged over to the middle of the alley, Truck was back with the wine.

“They don’t check these old winos much,” Bull assured us. “They probably won’t even bother to examine him.”

Uncapping the bottle, he started drinking, then passed the bottle around until there was only about a third left.

“One thing about a wino,” he said with a chuckle. “They don’t ever kick off until the bottle’s empty.”

He poured some of the remainder of the wine over the old man’s face, then wrapped his hand around the bottle which was still wrapped in a sack.

“Button, go wipe the cum off that trash can,” he ordered. “Rex, you and Stud go help him. We don’t want them thinking of anything but booze when they find this guy.”

It seemed to me that from the minute Bull announced that the old man was dead to the time we were finally able to leave, I never once took a full breath of air. I’m sure I must have breathed somehow, but I don’t remember it. I do remember that I was never so glad in my life to leave a place. Climbing onto the bike, I was pretty nervous all the way back to the club.

I’d gotten a lot more initiation than any of us had bargained for.

CHAPTER SEVEN

We didn't hang around the club for long after we got back. Ted, the owner, promised to cover for us after we leveled with him. He had us stage a little ruckus so he could call in the law. We all acted like we were close to passing out, and Ted told the man that we'd been drinking steady since early afternoon. The two patrolmen that answered the call got out of there as fast as they could cause Truck followed them around, smiling and winking every time either one of them looked up. Bengy didn't have a ride home anyway, so we let him play goat, and the law hauled him off to the pokey for disturbing our peace.

We had a good laugh after they were gone. Then everyone cut out for home. Bull and I were the first out the door.

The next morning, we were screwing around in the shower when Nate came stamping in.

"Get lost!" Bull yelled. "This is a private party."

"You better read the paper," he warned. "You aren't going to feel much like partying after that."

"Why? What's up?"

"Our wino. That's what. I'll tell you, that Button sure knows how to pick them!"

"Tell me, damn it. What the hell's gone wrong?"

Nate turned around and left the room without saying a word. Bull was cussing nice and steady as he got out.

"Sonofabitch. Who does that black bastard think he is?" he complained.

"It's okay," I said. "It ain't like either of us hadn't had any."

Bull grinned. "What's the matter with you, boy? You getting too much of a good thing?"

"No, Bull. You know better than that."

Without bothering to dry off or dress, Bull tramped into where Nate was waiting.

“Now where’s the friggin’ paper?”

Silently Nate handed it over. Bull didn’t have to look for the story. It was plastered across the headlines.

“MISSING ARTIST FOUND DEAD”

Old Tom’s picture stared back at him from the center of the page while the story filed in most of the right hand side. Bull scanned the article and then shook his head.

“This is bad... real bad,” he said. “There’s no mention of his being molested, but I’ll give you ten-to-one that the police are just playing it cool.”

“Maybe they didn’t catch it,” Nate said hopefully.

“No chance,” said Bull. “With someone this important, they’d give him a lot more than a once over. Besides, they won’t leave him in those clothes. Once they undress him, they’re bound to see the way I ripped his butt.”

“When you ran at him, you mean?”

“Sure. I could feel it when I landed. Anyway, that’s not the only problem. They mentioned the motorcycles and some friggin’ eye witness reported that they were the flashy kind of bike the Hell’s Angels rode. Now we’ll not only have the fuzz to worry about, but the Angels, too.”

“You think they’d come looking for us?” I asked.

“You’d better believe it,” Bull answered. “They’re worse trouble than the fuzz any day. I think it’d be a real cool idea if we took a long ride.”

“I’m for that,” Nate quickly agreed.

“Good. You get Truck and the boys. I’ll go after Big Stick and Toby. Let’s meet in an hour at the Pink Dragon.”

Nate grabbed up the paper and headed for the door. Bull was right behind him.

“What about me?” I asked.

“You stay here and get as much of our gear packed as you can get onto your bike. Then come meet us at the club. We’ll need crap to cook with, and pack that brown sleeping bag for me. There’s a tarp that might come in handy, if you have room.”

“I’ll take care of it,” I promised.

I followed them out to the front yard and watched them ride away. I wasn’t afraid or anything. I was just excited. There was a tremendous feeling of exhilaration racing through me, but I didn’t have sense enough to be afraid.

I rolled up our sleeping bags, filling them with silverware and cooking utensils plus some towels and other necessities that I found. Then I wrapped the tarp around my bedroll and strapped both of them onto my bike. There was a duffel bag full of dirty clothes so I emptied it out and began filling it. It was about half full when I heard Bull and the guys ride in. Really rushing now, I began throwing stuff into the bag.

“Going somewhere?”

It wasn’t Bull. I looked up, surprised at hearing a voice that I couldn’t identify. Then all the fear I should have felt before suddenly flooded through me. Staring at me from the doorway were six Hell’s Angels, one of them the fat pig that had been such a bastard before.

“It’s the kid!” their leader said.

“The fairy, you mean,” snorted the pig.

“What do you want?” I demanded.

“What’s your hurry?” the leader asked. “You haven’t even taken time to say hello.”

“I said hello to you once, and you said good bye. What’s the use of going through that again?” Everything was shaking except, thank God, my voice.

“Oh, listen to him! Ain’t he tough?” cooed the pig.

“What are you packing for?”

“Going home,” I lied.

“Why?”

“They aren’t what you said.”

They obviously didn’t believe me any more than I believed myself.

“How do you mean?” their leader asked. His voice was so cool and quiet, like the muffled hiss of a snake after it’s coiled, ready to strike.

I shrugged, trying not to show my panic. “I... don’t belong here,” I plunged on. “I just want to go home.”

“Why?” he insisted.

“Look! What do you care?” I countered. “What do you want with me?”

They exchanged glances, looking from one to the next as though one of them might have the answer. Their smiles faded, however, when the leader turned back to me.

“You don’t have a very healthy attitude, son,” he said.

“Fairy!” hissed the fat man.

I’d learned one thing about facing hatred. It only caused me more hell to admit whatever they were accusing me of was true. In my life, the truth had always been more difficult than any lie.

“You may have a problem!” I snapped, and I looked the fat man up and down insolently. “I don’t! I’ve seen pictures of you guys kissing each other on the magazines. Where do you get off accusing me?”

The fat guy’s arm shot toward me, but it was intercepted by the bigger guy who then burst into an unexpected guffaw. I don’t think his buddies were any more surprised by it than me.

“You going to let that little bastard mouth off like that?” the fat one demanded.

“Shut up, Turd!” snorted their leader. “We asked for that one. Least it’s the same as.”

“The shit we did!” several protested at once.

The big man held up his hand for silence. “We’re all brothers, aren’t we? The boys from Sacramento are as much a part of us as any of us right

here.”

I was so nervous that I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I knew I was asking for it, but the words still slipped out.

“Sacramento?” I asked. “Is that your fairy wing?”

I'd gone too far. This time the big man himself grabbed me, taking a firm grip on my shirt front and pulling me up until my face was no more than few inches from his.

“Don't ever call an Angel that!” he said quietly. “You hear, boy?”

I was scared shitless, but I couldn't let loose of my defense. It was like my actions were mechanically set and I had no part in willing them otherwise.

“I don't like it when you call me a fairy either,” I said.

For an instant he just stood there, staring at me, but when he finally spoke, his voice came out in a lethal roar.

“Rip off his fuckin' pants!” he ordered. “Let's screw him with that broom handle until he remembers what he is.”

“No!” I gasped. “Please! I'm sorry!”

My house of lies was tumbling down around me. The thought of having my ass rammed dry with a broom handle was too horrible to even think about, yet, even as I screamed, they began pulling off my clothes.

“You got the man hot after us,” their leader said. His fist still held me by the shirt, and he spat out every word. “You killed that old painter, and you let them think it was us instead of you!”

“No!”

“Bullshit! You're going to tell the truth if I have to push that broom handle clear up through your fuckin' throat! Let's hear it again!”

They had me bare-assed by this time, and someone was squeezing my nuts. Never in my whole fucking life had I felt a pain knife through me like that.

“All right! All right! I'll tell you!” I cried.

The fist relaxed and my aching nuts throbbed with relief. It was a couple of minutes before I could even talk.

“We’re waiting,” he reminded me.

“I’m trying,” I gasped. “They were going to initiate me. They weren’t trying to pin anything on you. Some neighbor saw their bikes and figured it was you. They told me they wouldn’t hurt the guy. I think he just had a heart attack or something. Anyway, that’s why I’m cutting out. Honest. I want no part...”

“Is that why you’ve got two sleeping bags strapped to your bike?” he asked. “Who are you trying to kid, man? They sent you here so they wouldn’t have to take any chances on meeting up with us. You’ve come for the gear.”

“No! Honest! I was just kyping a couple of thing.”

The big man gave me a push, released my shirt as he did. I fell backward and was grabbed by several of his men.

“Ream him out, boys,” he said.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

They flopped me over the kitchen table, and while on guy spread my cheeks out wide, another rammed the broom handle on in. It felt like a fire, burning all the way through me.

“EYIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!”

“Hold him! Jesus! Look at him squirm!”

“How far you got it in?”

“Not more over an inch or two. Shit! He’s jumping around too much!”

“STOP! Please! I’ll do anything. Just... EYIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!”

They skewed me good the second time. That dam thing must have gone in at least a foot.

“EYIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII! OH, GOD! PLEASE MAKE THEM STOP!”

“Listen to him, would you?”

“You think you’re entitled to any special protection?” the fat guy laughed.

“Look at the bastard squirm!”

“Yeah! Rex, dog it to him!”

Their words bounced off my brain. I was in too much agony to understand even what I was saying. I screamed. I remember that, but I don’t remember anything else I said. When their leader pulled that pole out of my ass and then pushed it in again, the pain was so intense that I passed out.

When I came to, the broom handle was still in me, but no one was either pushing or pulling on it. I felt someone raise one of my eyelids before I was awake enough to respond. Then it snapped closed.

“He’s out,” the guy said.

I decided to stay out as long as I could.

“I’ll get some water.”

“Forget it. We’ve done enough.”

“What’cha mean? The way that little smartass talked really pissed me off!”

“I know, but look at his ass,” the leader said. “He’ll have to go to the hospital as it is.”

“You think he could bleed to death here?”

“No, but he won’t be getting his tail fucked for a while. Leave the broom handle in him. Let his friends find him like this. They’ll know what we mean.”

I’d waited for their verdict so anxiously that I nearly groaned when it came. They began milling around then, opening doors and looking around.

“Hey! They’ve got a midnight part’s cache!”

“Cool! I wonder if they’ve got a Sportster clutch assembly around.”

“How about a crank. No shit! This is like the mother lode! Rex, here’s a head that ought to fit yours.”

“Help yourself, boys. It’s an apology gift from the Brothers,” their leader explained.

The pain was so bad that the tears flooded into my eyes. Thank God I was over on my face where they weren’t apt to see. When they’d all finally got all they wanted and had tramped back through the kitchen and on out to their bikes, I held in until their machines roared to life. Then I couldn’t hold in any more.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” I moaned.

I cried and carried on for a while until I began shaking, and that hurt me so bad that I had to make myself stop. Any movement, even a sob, would affect that broom handle and that broom handle, in turn, would crucify me. It was a hell of a way to get crucified, I decided.

A couple of times I tried to pull it out of my ass, but it hurt too bad for that. Even grabbing the handle set up a vibration that sapped me of all resolve. All I could do was lay there and hope that Bull and the guys would return.

If I ever get out of this alive, I promised myself. I’ll get a job and go back to school, and I’ll even trade my bike for a car. I’ll make myself into something my folks can be proud of, if only I get out of this alive!

I figured I was dying. I couldn’t turn around to see how bad I was bleeding. I had only what I’d heard my attackers say plus the pain I was feeling to gauge my condition by. With a morbid imagination to enlarge upon it, my predicament was hopeless. I was so filled with self-pity that I didn’t even hear the guys coming until they turned into our lawn.

“Button! Where the hell are you?”

“BULL!”

The agony in my voice brought him running with a couple of the guys right behind him. When he got to the kitchen door and saw me, he stopped dead in his tracks.

“My God!” he gasped.

His face grew pale, but still he couldn’t move. After a moment, Truck pushed him to the side and marched on in.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I wouldn't leave my bike, and I was in no condition to ride it myself. Bull wanted me to ride double and come back later for my bike. I was so far out of my head by this time that the idea made me mad. I told him to leave his own fuckin' bike. (I seemed to have an absolute genius for telling off guys that were twice my size!) Finally I got the idea to ride trials style, standing up on the pegs with my ass a good two feet off the seat. I'd be wobbly... even dangerous to those riding on either side, but I was willing to try.

Besides my bike and my ass, I worried about having to face a doctor, too. I could see only humiliation in it. "What am I supposed to tell him?" I asked piteously.

"It's okay, Button," Truck explained. "Doc Morrison is gay himself. He's retired so we go to his house, and there's not even a nurse to mess with."

With that worry off my mind, I could concentrate on getting there. The boys got my bike warmed up and then helped me on. Every movement was a pain, but it was easier once I got rolling for I was concentrating on trying to ride.

After all of our efforts, the doc didn't answer the door. Two of the guys went around to his garage window and discovered that he wasn't even home. Bull helped me off my bike, and I bellied down on the grass while they figured out what to do.

I lay there, wondering if this was where I was going to die. I knew I couldn't ride much farther. Fortunately, at that moment, the doc drove into his drive. I head the guys cheer, and I twisted around to see him sitting there in his car, looking around at all of us. Finally he opened the door and climbed out. He was old and paunchy, but he looked awful good to me.

"What's the matter, boys?" he asked.

"We've got a boy that's been hurt real bad, Doc."

He shook his head. "I keep telling you boys to take it easy," he said.

“We didn’t do this, Doc. It was the Hell’s Angels. They rammed a broom stick up Button’s ass.”

“My God! Poor boy.” The old man looked around. “I don’t remember anyone named Button.” Then he saw me, laying in the shade of a big butterfly bush. “Is this the boy?”

I hurt too bad to talk, but I raised my hand and managed a weak smile.

“He looks awfully young,” the doc said. “Help him inside. Did he bleed much?”

“Like a stuck pig,” Truck said. “I imagine he still is.”

I cringed. Even if I was bleeding to death, I didn’t like hearing about it. The doc got some things out of his car and then locked it up. “I suppose you were the boys that looked like Hell’s Angels in the paper this morning?” he asked.

Bull admitted that we were.

The doc shook his head. “Poor old Tom. He was a friend of mine years ago. I shouldn’t help any of you after what you did to him.”

Bull and Truck had started to lift me up by the shoulders. Then Bull turned loose, and I nearly fell on my face.

“Hey!” he cried. “We didn’t mean to hurt him, Doc. Honest! Man, he was enjoying every minute of it until he had a heart attack or something. I guess you might say we were too much of a good thing.”

Bull was pushing the sincerity bit for all he was worth, even though the story he told was basically true. The doctor stood there a moment. Then, shrugging it off, he headed for the front door. As he fitted his key into the lock, he turned and pointed toward the garage.

“I left my car out so you could put your bikes in. Please do it now. I don’t want everyone knowing you’re here. Bull, you and Truck help me in with the boy.”

He never did say whether or not he believed us.

I won't bore you with the details of my operation. Just thinking about it gives me a pain. When it was over, he sent the guys on out to rough it in the garage while I lay, still unconscious, in his own bed.

When I came to around midnight, I was still in a lot of pain. My moans quickly brought the doc.

"Need help?" he asked.

"I sure as hell need something," I admitted.

"I'll give you some topical medication and a pain killer."

"Why two?"

He pulled down the sheet that covered me and began taking off the bandage.

"Ouch! Forget it!"

"The salve works almost instantly. The pill takes longer but lasts longer, of course."

"Don't touch it," I warned.

"I won't hurt you. Taking off the bandage is the worst part. Here, now. The damage wasn't nearly so bad as it looked, by the way. You'll be like new within a week."

"Really?"

I felt a soothing balm ooze into my quim. He was squeezing it from a tube.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"That's better now, isn't it?"

"Much."

He replaced the bandage and washed his hands, then handed me a capsule and a glass of water. I took it and lay back.

"Thanks," I said.

I reached for the sheet, but he stopped me. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he took hold of my hips and rolled me over onto my side.

“Just relax,” he whispered.

The tone of his voice had changed. I knew he was going to touch my dick even before I felt his smooth fingers begin their stroking caress.

“This will take your mind off the hurt,” he said.

I took a deep, satisfying breath of air. I was so relaxed after having slept so long. Now that the pain was eased, I didn’t have a tense muscle in my body. The tingling sensation caused by his fingers ran unchecked through my frame without my either straining to enhance the feeling or tensing to demand that it be stopped. I simply let it flow.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuuuuuuummmm.”

A curious thing happened to me then. I felt a tinge of guilt for not trying to return the caress, yet I was detached enough that I could realize what nonsense the feeling was. He’d told me to relax. I’d been hurt, and he simply wanted to please me. He either expected nor wanted anything in return. Must I always feel some sort of guilt?

Once I’d reasoned all this out, I relaxed both in my muscles and in my mind. It was an experience that, for me at least, was unique. A warmth flooded through me until I could feel it vibrating in the tips of my toes. My fingers quivered, and the hair on my arms stood on end. Every inch of my skin was covered with goose bumps from the soles of my feet to the top of my scalp.

And I cried, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“That takes your mind off of your pain, doesn’t it?”

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm,” I purred.

“You’re young to be running with the others,” he scolded gently. “You’re hardly more than a boy.”

“I’m old enough,” I said.

“Tender.”

“Tough!”

His skilled hands tickled over my flesh until all of my toys had been played with. Then he skinned back my prick and took it into his mouth, stirring it around with his hands as though his mouth couldn't have moved it on its own. His tongue quivered against my cockhead, but it made no claims.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

He was teasing me, letting me feel the smoldering warmth of him, then pulling my prick from his dark, heavenly cavern to nibble down the length of its stalk. The practiced hands of the surgeon were nothing in comparison to the artistry of his mouth.

“Oh, damn!” I whimpered. “Oh, damn!”

“Oh, Button!” he sighed, nuzzling his full warm lips into the soft sponginess of my balls. Then he gently chewed, pausing now and then to pull tufts of hairs through his lips.

“You have such a youthful, tender cock,” he whispered huskily. “The minute we got you undressed I had an urge to hold your love flesh in my mouth.”

Then do it! I thought feverishly, for he was still fooling around with my balls, and my poor dick was really aching for attention by now.

“If I had a young boy like you around,” he said, “I could make his life very special. I'd see him through school. Maybe he'd even want to become a doctor, like me. Are you good in school, Button?”

“Not any more,” I said.

“Maybe you'll want to go back one day, if you ever get tired of the Brothers...”

“I won't,” I said.

He started working his way up my trunk then, saving me the trouble of having to think. I let my mind drop down into the head of my cock and it impatiently waited to be swallowed again. How exhilarating, the wait!

Shit! The bastard stopped just short of taking me in. Then his tongue began lapping at me, covering every millimeter of head flesh from my ridge

on out to my quaking slit. The anticipation made me leak like some slowly dripping faucet and he was always there to catch each and every drop.

“Nnnnnnnnnnnnnngh!” I groaned finally. “Please, Doc. Suck my aching cock!”

The way he jumped to obey was heady stuff, indeed! I felt like some fuckin’ king the way his mouth quickly engulfed me. Then his tongue began its erotic massage.

He kept up a gentle kind of pressure. It was so light and delicate that it teased more than satisfied and I was soon twisting about in an agony of want. Each time this happened I would reach a position that would aggravate the pain in my ass, and then I’d tense and groan. Then, vowing to be more careful with myself the next time, I’d again begin to relax. Soon the passion would engulf me and I’d forget. Pain and passion, passion and pain... it was a hell of a combination. Then, when I was on the verge of getting my nuts busted... when I was riding the very edge of a desperately needed release, that’s when the sonofabitch pulled away.

“Please!” I begged. “Finish me off!”

“Now, now,” he said. “You just take it easy for a minute or so, and you’ll enjoy it even more.”

“I don’t want more!” I cried. “Damn it all! Just make me cum!”

The poor old guy looked like I’d hit him. I don’t really think he could stand to cause anyone pain. He caught my prick between his lips then and this time he really sucked when he pulled it in. It wasn’t a response that could possibly have hurt me, but it was intended to be so all-consuming that it would quickly drain me of all desire.

His tongue was all over the place, flaying and rasping against my cockflesh until I could scarcely catch my breath. My pulse seemed centered now in the throbbing head of my dick.

“Doc!” I whimpered. “I’m so fuckin’ hot!”

He didn’t answer, but the slurping, sucking noises coming out of him told me that he was hot, too. Poor old man. I glanced down and saw that he had his prick out and frantically stripping his own flesh.

“SUCK IT!” I rasped. “Make me cummmmmmmmmmmmmmm!”

Massaging my balls with his hands and sucking... tonguing... torturing my cock with his educated mouth and tongue, the doc worked my excitement until he literally lifted me over the crest.

“EYIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!” I wailed.

My body stiffened into a paralysis of excitement, and then I felt my cum spurting up through the pliant tubes. I could hear the doc’s exhilarated cry, but it was too far away for me to understand. Whether or not the pain killer acted, in part, as a sleeping pill, I don’t know, but a moment after I found release I fell into a heavy and long lasting sleep.

The next morning there was another story about the murdered artist in the paper. I lay on my belly and read about how the police had pulled in the Hell’s Angels they could find for questioning. It got front page coverage with pictures on page two. The story just wouldn’t seem to die.

“I don’t think you boys better leave,” the doc said. “Button’s in no condition to travel and the rest of you wouldn’t last two hours on the street.”

“That’s cool, Doc,” Bull said. “We sure appreciate what you’re doing for us.”

The second day (still laying on my belly), I read where the released Angels had gone immediately to the newspaper to show off their bruises from the “questioning.” They demanded equal protection under the law, and again there was front page coverage.

“They ought to thank us, as much free publicity as they’ve gotten from this thing,” Toby complained.

“Better them than me,” said Truck.

“You know,” mused Bull, “the funny part of it is, I know damn well the law knows it was us by now. When I called the Pink Dragon, they said no one had been by. How come you think they’re ignoring us like that? There must be some reason.”

“You’re just looking at the bad side,” Nate teased.

“I don’t know,” said Bull, thoughtfully. “I have the feeling that the first time we stick our noses out of this place we’re going to be picked up.”

“We could change our looks,” Nate suggested. “They wouldn’t bother a bunch of bubble heads.”

“No sonofabitch is going to make me wear a helmet!” Truck objected.

“No, but Nate has an idea,” Bull said.

“We might be able to change ourselves, but how could we change our bikes?” Big Stick asked.

There was a long silence while everyone searched his brain. As usual, it was Bull that figured out a plan.

“You know,” he mused, “I don’t think most people really look at a bike... not the way we do, at least. I’ll bet if we took off our sissy bars and blacked out some of the chrome, people wouldn’t notice the rest. A couple of you would have to put big tires back on the front but that wouldn’t kill you. Then we could tie up our hair under some kind of a cap or hat, wear square clothes, and play it cool right on out of town.”

“We’d need the welder,” Nate reminded him.

Bull nodded. “Do you think we could sneak back into my place?” he asked.

“Sure!” Toby said, and he volunteered to do the job.

Bull turned his attention next to the kind of clothes we’d need. He suggested bright nylon jackets, the kind with flashy racing stripes and all. Since Truck and Big Stick were the most exuberant shoplifters in the crowd, they volunteered to supply nine new jackets.

“Should we get them all the same color so we can look like a club, or would it be better to have everyone different?”

“How would you steal nine matching jackets?” Bull demanded with a snort. Then he realized that this would only goad his friend into doing just that. “I know you can do it,” he said, “but it might cause more trouble later on. If we had to split up for a while, they could pick us off like flies.”

Truck didn't feel like this would show as much class, but he didn't argue the point. That night Bull went with Toby for the welder, and while they were at it, they borrowed a van and loaded up all the junk they had cached. The next morning they took it to a fence and managed to come up with enough bread to buy nine used helmets at a swat meet. Truck threw a fit, but when the next day's paper mentioned the possibility of another outlaw motorcycle gang, he conceded that he could wear one at least until we were out of the country.

While the guys went to work remodeling their bikes, Truck and Big Stick set out to outfit the Brothers in their new-look jackets. They pulled it off in two days.

Doc Morrison didn't much like having us stay so long, but Bull wouldn't leave until I was in shape to ride and all the bikes were sufficiently altered. Dull black paint covered most of our chrome and the metal flake and flames were buried beneath a removable coating of enamel and gaudy decals. It was gross!

Every time the doc suggested we leave, Bull countered by teasing around with him. The old man couldn't resist Bull. It was hard for me to watch Bull making up to him. For the first time in my life I knew what it felt like to be jealous. I could understand that there was nothing personal in it, and my head kept telling me how foolish it was to get upset, but the rest of me got upset anyway.

After that first night, Doc never fooled with me again. Living and working together so close got everyone pretty horny after a while. I wasn't about to let anyone touch my ass, but more than one guy told me he liked messing around with my prod. I'd have rather had Bull doing it, but when Bull was buttering up the doc (which he did pretty exclusively there for a while), I took on most anyone that asked for it.

I was damned glad when the guys decided everything was ready enough for us to split. We waited for the morning rush hour traffic. Then we put on our bilious colored jackets and our smothering bubble head-gear, and we headed north. Never had it ever felt so good to get out on a highway and ride!

CHAPTER NINE

“How much longer do we have to wear these bastard helmets?” Truck demanded when we stopped at a roadside diner to eat.

“Strap them over your bedrolls if you like,” Bull suggested. “Just be damn sure you don’t throw them away.”

We all sighed with relief for we hated having them on. There wasn’t a one of us that wasn’t bugged by the airless, confined feeling they gave us.

Truck stared at his for a moment and shook his head. “This mutha-fuckin’ piece of shit is...”

“Can it!” Bull warned. “It’s not going to do us any good to look clean if Truck’s mouth is going to give us away. When we get into that diner, I don’t want one of you friggin’ sonsofbitches cussing. You hear?”

We all snickered as we walked in, and after we’d “Heaven to Betsy’d” this and “gooly’d” that for half an hour we were near hysterical by the time we left.

“You guys think this whole fuckin’ business is a joke, don’t you?” Bull demanded.

We had to admit that it seemed like a pretty good joke while we were at it.

“Bullshit!” he said.

We drove up through the coast redwoods for a ways and then decided to head inland toward Mount Shasta and the high country. About two o’clock, the sun was so warm that we began looking for a place to swim. The map showed a river a few miles north. We found it easy enough, but it took some effort to find a place to swim because the banks were lined with resorts and summer cottages.

We finally cruised into some heavy timber and pushed through to the river itself. There was a great rush to peel off our clothes and beat everyone else into the water which turned out to be icy cold. The only way a person could stand water like that was to concentrate on making everyone else as

miserable as we could. We went to splashing and shoving until everyone was thoroughly doused. There was so much noise going on that no one heard the horses moving quietly through the woods. Big Stick was the first to see them, two young girls, peering through the bushes. They were furtively watching us bathe.

“Hey!” he yelped.

The others looked up. Then half of them jumped into the water while the other half raced after the girls. They’d dismounted and tied their horses, so there was no chance of their getting away.

“Leave us alone!” the girls screamed. “EYIIIIIIIIII!”

Nat and Bull carried them out of the bush with both girls kicking and screaming as loud as they could.

“You wanted to see us,” Bull said. “You can see us better from out here.”

They carried the two out into the middle of the rushing water and sat each of them on a boulder. Marooned on their tiny islands, there was no possible way they could escape. One girl covered her eyes and bawled, but the other was more brazen.

“You let us go or you’ll be sorry,” she warned. “What are you, Hell’s Angels?”

The guys all exchanged glances. Then they bust up laughing. Bare ass naked, we looked like anybody. Therefore, we could be anybody.

“That’s right, sweet stuff,” Bull lied. “We’re up from Deigo to see the sights. Do you have any sights worth seeing?”

The girl couldn’t have been much over fourteen, but she had a turned-up nose and a pouty mouth that was already looking for excitement.

“I might have,” she said.

“RAYLEEN!” her girl friend wailed.

The girl friend was plumper, older and carried a lot more boobs, but she had a bland, religious look that was now masked with shock. She stared at her friend as though she’d discovered a pair of freshly grown horns.

“Come on,” Rayleen urged. “When are we ever going to get a chance again? These are Hell’s Angels, Lizzy! Real fire-breathing, real as real man.”

“And your mama ain’t ever going to blame you if you get yourself screwed by one of us,” Bull said.

“It’s not right,” Lizzy said. She flounced her thick long hair prettily. I could see what she was doing. She wanted it just as bad as her girl friend, but she had to put on a front. Although I’d had to do this same thing all my life, I felt no sympathy for her.

“What were you looking for then?” I asked. “You didn’t look so pure hiding off there in the bushes.”

“Hey, yeah!” everyone agreed.

“I was only there because she wanted to look.”

“Then why not screw, too. She wants to do that, don’t you honey?”

Rayleen didn’t hear. She was starring daggers at her friend.

“What do you mean?” she hissed. “You wanted to watch them just as bad as I did. And who was it kept moaning over how long the black guy’s thing is? You were turned on just as much as me!”

I didn’t care. I only wished they’d climb onto their friggin’ horses and leave!

Why did it always have to be Bull out screwing around? With nine guys staying with the doctor, it was Bull that kept this cock happy. Now it was Bull propositioning two girls. I’d never told him how I felt about women. I hoped I wouldn’t have to now. Wading out of the water, I went to my bike where I’d stashed my gear. I’d intended to take my clothes and dissolve into the trees until they were done partying. I could always say I was acting as lookout if they asked.

I wasn’t even off the sand bar before Bull looked up and saw me sneaking off.

“Where you going, Button?” he called.

“No place,” I lied.

“Bullshit.”

“The water’s cold,” I said. “I’ve got to get some clothes on before I freeze.”

I knew what he had in mind, and he was wrong. No woman... not even a pouty fourteen-year-old could interest me sexually. I couldn’t even fake it because being around them make me want to puke. I’d had an experience once that I’d never mentioned to another living soul, but it had turned me against women like nothing else ever could.

I was only about six or seven then. My dad and Uncle John had gone hunting, and my mother was called away to help a sick friend. I was sent next door to spend the night with Aunt Ethyl. Usually, Aunt Ethyl didn’t pay much attention to me, but this night she was extra nice. She was a large, plumpish woman that loved to cook, and she made me some extra good things to eat that night. Then she had me sit on her lap while she read me a story. I could feel her jiggling all over when she laughed. After the story, she said I had to get into the tub and let her give me a bath.

I was embarrassed because I’d been bathing myself for some time, but she wouldn’t trust me. She said I had to be nice and clean if I was going to sleep between her sheets, and she took a long time cleaning my private parts. She kept playing with me, in fact, until my cock got hard, and then she teased me about that all the time she was drying me off.

I was feeling guilty because it felt good, and I enjoyed it until she put me to bed. I’d always slept in my shorts, but she said my clothes were dirty, and she put them in the wash.

“What’ll I wear?” I asked.

“Your birthday suit,” she teased. “That’s the way your Uncle John always sleeps.”

I hesitated. It didn’t feel right climbing into the bed that way, and I instinctively knew that there was more to it than simply sleeping in the raw. I quit waiting when she walked out of the room, though, for I knew if I was going to drop that towel and then climb into the bed in private, it would have to be right then. I hopped into the bed and pulled the covers up around my neck.

I lay there with my eyes squeezed tightly shut when she came back into the room. I heard her tip-toeing around, and I held my breath, waiting for her to leave. What a shock it was when I felt her pull back the covers on the far side of the bed and I realized that she was climbing in.

She was going to sleep with me! My God! Before I could stop myself, I turned and looked, unable to believe what my senses told me. There in front of me was the vilest sight I'd ever seen in all my life, for my Aunt Ethyl was naked as sin.

She was cadaver white with plenty of rolling fat, and her pendulous tits hung down like two big ostrich eggs... fried! She was over forty and her skin was not only rippled with fat, but it hung loose and papery, too. Her nipples were nearly black and they spread out over the end of her boobs like big ink blobs soaking into a wet blotter.

"Come here and let me hug you, honey pot," she said.

She spoke in a syrupy voice that made me shudder with distaste. Before I could back away, she was pulling me up against her.

I'd have soon been hugged by somebody dead opposed to be pressed up against those death-white, gelatinous boobs. She was wearing a musky, heavy perfume that only partially covered up her noxious body odors.

"Let me go!" I whimpered, squirming to be free.

"It's all right. Nobody's going to know. Here, I'll bet you haven't gotten to suck on your mama's titty for a long, long time, have you? I know how it is. Every kid wants to do that!"

"I don't waaaaaaaaaah." I mumbled as she shoved the tit into my mouth.

I thought she was going to strangle me with the friggin' thing. I'd been holding my breath for some time on account of her overripe smell. Now, she was finishing me off with a tit clamped around my mouth.

I panicked then. Turning into a furiously flailing machine, I freed myself from her clutching grasp. Then I scrambled out of that bed and raced for home.

"Terry! Come back!"

No longer did I care that I was bare-ass naked. I could think of nothing but getting away. My skin crawled from the feel of her pasty white flesh, and my nostrils still gasped for clean air after her noxious fumes.

I've got to hide! I told myself. I don't dare go to my house or she'll find me.

Without any clothes on there was nowhere else I could go. Although it was chilly out, I made my way behind the garage where my mother had a little garden house. Wrapping myself in gunny sacks, I hid in the darkest corner.

She didn't find me that night, although I could hear her calling far into the night. After I hadn't heard her for a long time, I snuck into the garage where I found some dirty clothes waiting to be washed. Once I was safely dressed, I returned to the potting shed while I waited for my parent's return.

My dad and my uncle came in first. I can remember how relieved I was when I heard his pick-up pull into the garage. Racing out from my hiding place, I reached my father before Aunt Ethyl appeared.

"Mike! John! Terry's... OH!" she called, then stopped.

My dad looked down at me and grinned. "What'd he do this time?" he asked.

"Uh... nothing," she said. "I... was just looking for him. That's all. Did you catch anything?"

"John caught a cold," my father said.

My aunt and I eyed each other for a long moment. I guess it was the last time we ever looked directly into each others eyes. We must have reached some sort of agreement that day for I never mentioned what had happened to my parents and neither did she. Even when she later told my mother how to keep me from being... different, she never mentioned what went on between us that night.

It was odd that I didn't tell on her, now that I think about it. For one thing, I felt guilty about enjoying that first naughty caress. For another, I doubt that it had anything to do with the way I felt now. I don't like touching women. That might certainly stem from that one traumatic night,

but I doubt that it could have been responsible for the feelings I now have for men.

When Bull insisted that I come out and help him tease the two girls, I figured he'd teased me long enough. For five days I'd had to watch him screwing around with the doctor. Now I was supposed to wade out there and watch him mess with that half-grown girl. The idea turned my stomach.

"I don't dig on it," I said, as casually as I could.

"What don't you dig on?" he asked with a snort.

"Screwing around with under-aged girls."

"He's shy," Bull explained. "Come on, Button. You wouldn't want the girls to think a Hell's Angel was afraid of women, would you?"

I wanted to yell, "Hell's who?" but his stare stopped me. He liked ridiculing me, but I couldn't do it to him. It was important to him that these girls think we were the real thing, I realized. Maybe he figured it would help us avoid the law, though I was sure it could do nothing but make things worse. Whatever his reasons, I couldn't call him on it, but I vowed, at the same time, to keep him from pushing me onto those girls. For the first time I stood my ground with Bull.

"You aren't thinking," I said. "Someone's got to act as a lookout with these jailbait round. This may be the regular riding route for all we know."

He hadn't expected me to refuse, and he didn't like it, but after glaring at me a moment or two, he let it drop. With a big, toothy smile, he turned his attention back to the pouty-lipped girl.

"Since you girls enjoyed looking at our cocks, how would you like to feel of one?"

I really felt alone. I looked back and saw Bull take the girl's hand and wrap it around his trunk. My palm itched as though it were me touching his swollen flesh. It had been well over a week since he'd messed with me at all.

"Nate, the little girl with the boobs liked looking at your dong. Why don't you let her pump it up?"

Nate took her reluctant hand and held it to his fuck flesh. She whimpered and tried to draw away, but I could tell she was getting a thrill. About then two of the guys started messing around, but Bull saw them and told them to knock it off. This show was obviously for the girls.

“Now that you’ve got it going, do you know what to do with it?” he asked.

The girl grinned. “I suppose I’m supposed to take my pants off and put it inside of me?” she asked.

“That sounds like a good plan.”

“Wouldn’t I be taking a chance of getting pregnant?” she asked.

“It’s possible.”

“What are you going to do? I thought the guy was supposed to do everything?”

“If it was up to me, I’d make you suck my prick instead,” he said.

“Oh!” she gasped. “That sounds terrible.”

“Depends on your point of view.”

I couldn’t keep my eyes off of them, in spite of her being a girl. She was so obviously anxious to get herself screwed that I couldn’t help but marvel at the performance. She kept playing with it, bringing the knobby head closer and closer to her crotch. When Bull reached down between her legs and began rubbing her crotch, she wriggled all over, she liked it so much.

“Is that what this thing’s supposed to feel like?” she asked.

The bitch, I thought. She knew that hot, silky dick would feel like heaven!

“No,” he said. “This old baldy of mine feels lots better than my hand.

Truck climbed out of the water and came to sit by me. “That’s an eager little bitch if I ever saw one,” he said.

“She sure is,” I agreed.

“She acts just like a horny queen.”

It was true! That's why I'd watched her with such interest. She was acting the way I often felt! Did that mean I would one day be a swish?

I watched both girls simpering and posing. One girl played the blatant tart while her girl friend posed as the virtuous virgin. Both wanted exactly the same thing.

Is the whole world putting on? I wondered. Isn't there any place where people are themselves?

Even Bull was now the big Hell's Angel. Though everything about him turned me on, I could see that somewhere beneath his sexy facade there was a man... no, a person that nobody could ever know. He'd built wall after wall around himself until I don't think even he could ever hope to find himself.

Rayleen had pulled his dick up between her legs. With one hand she held the crotch of her pants to the side. With the other she stirred Bull's giant stick back and forth against her steaming rut. Bull stood there, his hands on his hips, grinning like a jackass while she did all the work. Nate was rubbing his cock around in the other girl's pussy, but she lay in his arms, as dead as if she'd actually passed out.

"Oh, heaven!" cooed Rayleen.

"Ahhhhhhhh," sighed Lizzie. "You've got to stop. Don't you understand? I haven't the strength to fight you any more."

Fight? Shit! She'd been pushing her cunny up against him every time he worked it in against her. She wanted to get screwed so bad that she was actually spreading out her legs, trying to open up a way.

Nate pulled open her dress and played around with her boobs. I had to admit that they looked a whole lot more natural than the tits of my Aunt Ethyl, yet they were not muscular and strong like the chest of a man. I watched his big black hand fondling the soft white flesh, and I could no longer imagine that either Nate or Bull was playing with me. I was no girl. I was strong and wiry with tight skin and a hard, muscular support from beneath. I was built different so I must think and feel different, too!

More satisfied with myself than I had been in a long time, I turned and walked into the woods, away from their boyish games.

CHAPTER TEN

“I don’t want to see you put me down like that again,” Bull warned.

The girls had finally left, and we were getting ready to drive. It had been a long, miserable afternoon.

“I didn’t put you down, Bull,” I said.

“I asked you to come help me, and you flat out refused,” he reminded me.

“Oh, that.”

“Yeah, that.”

I tried to explain. I told him about my aunt and how I’d felt about women ever since. It didn’t do any good. I could see that by the way he shook his head.

“You’re going to have to get over that,” he said.

“Never.”

“Bullshit! Next time I get the chance, I’m going to show you how easy it is.”

I got my bike going and let the noise drown out even the thought. Soon we were on the road again, and everything was cool.

To get to the river, we’d left the main highway and gotten ourselves onto a dirt road. This was great as far as most of us were concerned because we could squirrel around a lot more. The guys were weaving and making fish tails of dirt that sprayed up on either side of the road. Big Stick pulled a two mile wheely that was spectacular. I even got off the ground a couple of times. It came slow, but I was learning.

While the rest of us were screwing around, Bull was worrying that we might box ourselves in on a dead end. He kept trying to read the map while we rode, and when he finally stopped and examined it, he still couldn’t make sure which road we were on.

We were in logging country by this time. We hadn't seen anybody for a long time: no camps, no farms, no nothing! The sun set and it would soon be dark. Bull stopped to check the map one last time.

"Who cares?" Truck asked. "There ain't nobody around to stop us from camping out."

"Yeah, but suppose one of those girls decides she wants to brag a little?" Bull countered.

"We didn't screw them. They still got their cherries. What could they complain about?"

"I knew those two were trouble," I muttered.

"Who can tell what a girl'll do? Maybe they'd get a thrill out of having people think they were molested by the Hell's Angels. A lot of women get their kicks from talking about it. Anyway, I'm not worried so long as we can keep going. I just don't want to double back."

"There's been a lot of traffic on this road. It seems in damn good condition to me," Nate noted. "Surely it's not just a dead end."

Bull shook his head. "That's not good enough," he said. "We've got to know for sure, and we'd better find out pretty soon. If we're going to have to backtrack, we shouldn't camp at all. We should turn around and get it over with tonight."

We rode some more then, but there wasn't any more horsing around. Everyone was looking for some break ahead in the trees. Soon it was pitch black. I was expecting Bull to turn us around any minute when we caught sight of a light flickering through the trees up ahead. Everyone saw it at once.

"Civilization!" yelled Bull.

"YEAH!"

"It's about time!"

We roared toward the light, hooting and hollering as we went. It was nearly a mile to the source. The light came from a small clapboard farmhouse. There was an unpainted barn and a couple of sheds with perhaps

forty acres that had been cleared. It was surrounded on all four sides by forest.

We rode up a long drive past a fenced, front pasture and into a cleared area between the house and the barn. The farmer stood in the middle of that clearing, a milk pail in his hand. He'd stopped, evidently listening to the sound of our bikes, and his mouth gaped open when the nine headlights descended on him.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

His tone was hostile. Bull had been laughing and yipping until then, but when he answered, he was just as hateful as the farmer had been.

"I just figured you might know if the road went through," he said, "but I see you've got some kind of chip on your shoulder about bikers. Is that true?"

"The road goes through, if you keep to the left," the farmer snapped.

"That answers one question."

The farmer just stood there, glaring into the headlights.

"You sure don't have a very cooperative attitude," said Bull. "I don't like people that don't like me."

"Maybe we ought to camp here, and let him get to know us," Truck suggested. "He'd like us real well if he got to know us."

Toby revved up his machine and made a circle around us. His bike made a hell of a noise and he didn't quit until he'd made half a dozen laps.

"I don't know why we should have to camp," Bull said, when he finally got Toby shut off. "Our friend here would get to know us all better if he were guests in his house."

"We can party!" Big Stick agreed. "You got any booze?"

"What are you? Hell's Angels?" the man asked.

That brought a roar of approval. "We're famous!" someone yelled.

After what the Angels had done to me, I was all for getting even with them, if we could get away with it. The girls hadn't seen either our clothes or our bikes, yet I was sure that if it came down to it they would swear

they'd been with Angels. Now, again, we were nothing but headlights. If we left before dawn, the farmer would always think we were them.

I'm sure these same sort of thoughts passed through Bull's mind, though none of us would have gotten the idea if the farmer had met us with a more pleasant attitude. Whatever the reason, it wasn't long before we'd committed ourselves to a night of partying and terrorizing the farmer and his wife. I was all for it until I saw that they had a daughter, too. Then I knew what I was in for. Bull would never let me get out of it a second time.

For a long time after that we partied. I soon forgot about Bull's threat for I was having as much fun as anyone else. That I'll have to admit.

At first we were only shocking the family a little, making them watch us screw around. I discovered that my ass was all healed when several of the guys celebrated by reaming me out. Since the father had been hateful, we all figured he had it coming, and I didn't start feeling guilty until the guys started screwing the farmer himself.

Then there were the animals. That was funny, too, at first when the guys were fucking goats and pigs, but when they got down to the geese and lambs they were making everything bleed, and that's wasn't too cool.

Finally, Bull decided I ought to screw that girl's fat ass, like I told you, and that really made me sick. I was so relieved when she burped all over him and he had to leave, all I could think of was how lucky I was to get out of it. When Nate asked me to let him fuck my ass, I was anxious.

I was thinking about getting even with Bull. For the first time I saw what a selfish, rotten bastard he was. When Nate finally zonked me out, I came out of it seeing clearer than I had in a long time. I sat there, sickened by what I saw and even sicker from what I'd done. Suddenly, I had to get away. There was no urge to run into the forest until the party was over. This time I wanted to leave for good. I'd found a home with the Brothers, but I couldn't stay with them. We were from different worlds, and I couldn't see any more future in being with them that I'd seen staying with my own family.

I watched for a chance to get away, but they were all over the room, and Bull was in the center of it where he could see in any direction. I tried the

window behind me and found that it squeaked, but it would open. Slowly, I inched the sash up until I could slip through. Then I ran for the barn.

We'd all strapped our sissy bars beneath our seats so we could get ourselves looking cool again as soon as it was safe. Once inside the barn, I inched my way to my bike, and the first thing I did was to take off that sissy bar. Next came my leather jacket. I'd stick with my Joe College nylon wind breaker, I decided. In it, I looked like ten thousand other guys.

I knew I'd have to walk my bike out the drive and down the road a ways before I could start it up, but I hadn't thought about being especially cautious there in the barn. The guys were balling and boozing until I figured no one was apt to miss me. I'd pushed my machine right up to the barn door when it suddenly was thrust open and someone jumped inside. He actually stumbled over my bike.

"What the shit...?" he grumbled.

I recognized the deep, resonant voice.

"Nate? Is that you?"

"Button! What the hell are you up to?"

I hesitated, wondering if I could trust him or not. He'd always been as easy going kind of a guy, but I didn't know how he'd take to someone deserting the club.

"I don't belong here," I blurted finally.

"You're cutting out?"

"Yes. Are you going to tell Bull?"

Nate chuckled. "No," he said. "Not if you'll let me come along."

That took me by surprise. "Is that what you're doing out here?" I asked.

"No, but it's a pretty cool idea."

"You'd do it?"

He shrugged. "I figure we're going to have to split up pretty soon anyway. We can't keep going on like this."

I was greatly relieved. Having someone along both strengthened my will to leave and made me feel safer and less guilty about doing it. "Get your gear then," I said. "I'll wait. I left my leather jacket and my sissy bar. I don't want to get caught with them on me."

"Hey, that's not too cool," Nate warned. "We should dump them down the road... not here. If the guys find them, they'll know we split for sure, and if the farmer finds them he'll tell the cops who we really are."

My stupidity overwhelmed me. I felt a wash of revulsion pass through me that made me shiver with disgust. Hopping off my bike, I felt around for my discarded gear, then strapped it on top of everything so I could get at it fast. Nate took time to pull his things out and put them on top, too.

We wheeled our bikes outside and shut the barn door, then started pushing them down the long drive. The air had a real bite to it by this time, and trails of fog were coming in. All the noise from the house easily muffled the sound of us pushing our machines down the drive. We were a little more than halfway to the road when we heard the car.

"Better push off into the trees, just in case," Nate suggested.

"Yeah. You never know," I agreed.

Even a stripped Sportster isn't light. It was no easy matter pushing them down into a bar pit and then up a three foot embankment and into the trees. I was damn glad we did when I saw the sheriff's car pass the turn-off, stop, and then back up. We were barely hidden from view when he drove past us.

"Whew! That was close!" I breathed. "If he hadn't had to back up like that we wouldn't have made it!"

"That's not all. If you hadn't decided to cut out, we'd have been back there with the rest of them. Button boy, we're leading a charmed life."

We saw the sheriff cut his headlights and coast to a stop. It was some time before he got out of the car.

"Probably he's calling for reinforcements," Nate said.

"Let's get out of here."

"Not until the others get here. I don't want to meet them on the road."

He was right, of course. We watched them get out from either side of the car so there had to be two of them. Pretty soon the barn door opened and closed.

“You suppose they’re going to cripple the bikes?”

“Sure. How else could the two of them handle nine guys?”

“There’s only seven now. Nate, I feel like a bastard, walking out on them like this.”

“Fine. You feel like anything you like. It’s better than keeping them company in jail. Bull’ll think we were lucky enough to sneak away. He’ll never guess we split from him.”

I could believe that. Bull was so sure of me... so sure of all of us. If they sent him to a penitentiary, he’d soon have all of the inmates organized, and they’d follow him because he expected them to.

We watched for a long time before we saw the two men leave the barn.

“You think they’ll wait for more men before they break in?” I asked.

“They’re stupid if they don’t. They can’t gain anything by rushing in now.”

This time Nate was wrong. One of the men peered in through the window and a moment later he was kicking in the front door.

Nate whistled. “The guys must be doing something really rough on that family for the fuzz to take a chance like that.”

We could hear the roars of protest coming from the house as they realized they’d been had. About that time we heard the siren and knew help was on its way.

“Poor devils,” I said.

“They asked for it,” Nate said. “So did we, but since we lucked out, we’d better take advantage of it. As soon as the other pigs get here, you and I’d better split.”

I agreed. About that time the guys must have heard the sirens, too, for a couple of them bolted out of the front door, running like hell for the barn.

The man was right behind them. We heard a shot, and my brothers, whoever they were, froze!

The sirens grew louder and louder. It sounded for a while like there were at least a dozen of them. Finally one pulled into the drive, raced past us, and parked in front of the house. When he turned off his engine, all sounds of siren stopped.

“Let’s split,” said Nate.

“I’m for it.” I agreed.

“If another one comes before we’re clear, you throw your machine down in the drain ditch and lay flat. Chances are they won’t see us.”

“Sounds cool.”

Both sheriff’s cars came from the direction we’d come in by. Nate and I pushed our bikes on down to the road and turned east into new territory. We didn’t try to fire up our machines until we’d walked them nearly half a mile.

I was really puffing by the time Nate said we’d walked far enough.

“I don’t know if I’ve got piss enough left in me to get the damn thing started,” I said.

We were laughing and shaking at the same time. The whole business was ludicrous. I got to laughing so hard when my bike wouldn’t start that I lost control and let it topple over on its side. Nate had to come around and kick it up for me. Then I climbed on and we rode.

We veered left every time we came to a crossroad, just as the farmer had said. It was beautiful, riding alone down the long avenue of pines. The road twisted and turned, but always there were the tall trees coming up close on either side. Only once did we pass a large outcropping of rocks, and here Nate motioned for me to pull up.

“What’s the trouble?” I asked.

“We’ve got some burying to do,” he said.

We unpinned our sissy bars and jackets, climbed up to the top of the rocky ridge and, using those flashy bars of chrome for shovels, we dug us a

four-foot trench. In went the jackets and sissy bars, we tramped the dirt back over it and then Nate gave it a nose-thumbing salute.

“Long live the Brothers,” he said, and added, “without us!”

After we’d pulled some brush over the spot, we hopped on our bikes and rode for another hour, still seeing nothing but trees. The first creek we passed over, Nate suggested we find a place to camp. Soon we came to a couple of ruts turning off toward the stream. They led to a perfect camp sight. It took only a few minutes to roll out our sleeping bags and crap out.

“What are we going to do?” I mused.

“Screw around or sleep. It’s up to you.”

“I don’t mean that. What about tomorrow... and next year? I thought I’d found it with the Brothers, but I was putting on there as much as I have everywhere else. I want to find something better. I want to find some place where I can be me.”

“That’s a real cool idea,” Nate said. “If you know who and what you are.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Just who and what was I? I lay there looking up through the trees at the stars, and I thought about it for some time. I didn't come up with any answers.

"Did you have to put on to be in the Brothers?" I finally asked.

Nate thought for a moment. "I don't guess I'm naturally all that tough," he admitted. "I've always been a little too relaxed to suit them, I guess."

"That's just the opposite from me. I was uptight all of the time."

"Why?"

Ah! If I'd known the answer to that one, I'd have known who and what I was.

"I thought, until yesterday at least, that I was some kind of a freak, born a man but with feelings like a woman. Then I watched that girl you were messing with back at the river. I realized that I wasn't like her at all, not any more than I'm like you."

Nate chuckled. "Are you talking about color or sex?" he asked.

"Sex, of course, you numb skull. There's no two of us alike. Does that make sense?"

"Don't look at me, man. I haven't got a profound bone in my body. I got enough trouble being who I think I am without thinking about whether I'm somebody else I don't know. Now, if you're asking about tomorrow and next week, yes, I've got some real cool ideas about that."

"Let's hear them."

"Well, I figure if we can get to Sacramento, I've got an uncle who can get us into one of the government training programs. If you don't mind living with black people, he'd put us up while I learned a trade and you finished high school."

"It's okay with you then, if we stick together?"

"Its fine with me if its okay with you."

That was a relief. I wasn't ready to go it on my own. Of all the guys in the club, Nate was the easiest to get along with.

"You think your uncle would put up with me? I just can't put on any more, Nate."

"He lets me do my thing. He does his. It's no big thing."

That sounded like heaven. I was so relieved that the stars were blurred for a time.

"Nate," I asked. "Did you ever want to kiss another guy?"

He let out a snort. "What kind of question is that? Of course. Don't you?"

"I want it," I admitted, "but I've never had it before."

Nate raised up on one elbow and stared at me. "Didn't you ever have anybody before the Brothers?" he asked.

"There was a guy at school," I said, "but he just came around when his girl wouldn't finish him off."

"Jesus! That's pathetic. Button, you want it from a black?"

Everything inside of me was churning. I couldn't even look at him as I told him yes.

"Don't sound so sad about it," he teased as he pulled me into his arms. "We've had some wonderful luck tonight. Maybe that's the way it was meant to be."

He kissed me then, as warm and tender as any two lips could ever meet. I felt his mouth quiver against my lips and it caused thunder and lightening and fire all at the same time. I felt it all the way down to my cock, but I felt it in my heart, too. When he pulled away to see how I liked it, I was breathing so hard that I couldn't even talk.

Since I couldn't talk, he kissed me again. I felt his tongue tingling against my lips, and I opened them and let him in. It felt so good having his tongue in my mouth that I clung to it and began to suck.

When he finally pulled away, he was chuckling. "You're an anxious little bastard," he teased.

“I can’t help it,” I said. “I’ve wait... shit, I guess I’ve waited all my life.”

Nate was so much bigger than me, he held my head in the crook of his arm and ran his fingers through my hair. I’d seen mothers sooth their children’s hurts that way, but I’d never had it happen to me. There was a lump in my throat that was too big for me to swallow.

He was content just to look at me in the moonlight for a long while. And while he looked, I looked, marveling at his strong neck and massive, masculine jaw. Nate had beautiful teeth and inky black eyes that you could almost dive into.

“I’m not going to call you Button any more, Terry,” he said. “It is Terry, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“That was Bull’s name. If I’d been going to give you a nickname, I’d have called you Tender, because that’s the way you appear to me.”

Before I could thank him, he was kissing me again, but this time it wasn’t only my mouth. He kissed my nose, my cheeks, my eyes... even my ears. When he finally got back to my mouth, it was a demanding, hungry kiss that set me on fire.

“Your hair’s so silky,” he said. All the time he was kissing me, he was running his fingers through my hair. Then he began exploring other places, letting his hand glide lightly over my frame. Slipping inside of my shirt, he pressed his palm against my chest and then circled each nipple several times. Soon he moved down to my thighs and around to squeeze my ass.

His tongue was stabbing by this time, his mouth hungrily claiming me until I was overwhelmed. Everything I’d always wanted was mine now, with no reservations at all.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” I groaned.

Nate didn’t bawl me out the way Bull had. Instead, he moaned, too!

“I’ve want you for myself ever since you walked into that club that first night,” he said. “Christ, I was like a kid walking a picket fence, trying to get your attention.”

“I remember seeing what a log you had,” I said.

“When I brought over the paper that morning and saw you bare-assed for the first time, I had the biggest urge to knock the shit out of Bull and make off with you then and there.”

He’d certainly never let on. “It was the way you reamed me out that finally knocked the sense back into me,” I said. “It hit me so hard that I actually passed out. When I came to, Bull just wasn’t important anymore.”

“I can’t play it like the others, Terry,” he warned. “I want someone all of my own. I don’t want to have to share him with anybody.”

I reached up and tightened my arms around his neck. “That’s what I want, too, Nate. How about trying me?”

We kissed tremulously, then hungrily, then almost with a frenzy as our ardor swelled. When I felt him reach for my waistband, I eagerly reached to unbutton his.

“I want you. Jesus, how I want you!” he rasped.

“Please!”

We opened up each others flies and reached in to find hard, hot fuck flesh. I had me the biggest fuckin’ stud anyone ever saw... and he’d promised that his spectacular dick would be nobody else’s but mine.

How warm and womb-like it was, there in his crotch. I found his humid cods more than a handful and I idly played marbles with his enormous balls. Just feeling of them was enough for a while, and then I had to look at them, too.

CHAPTER TWELVE

“Take your pants off,” I begged. “Let me see your big black cock.”

I was urging his waistband down, but without his help it was a hopeless task, and he wasn’t ready to move. His huge hand was jammed into my pants, cupping my cock and balls together while his fingertips explored every lump and fold.

“Don’t get in a hurry,” he scolded gently. “This is too good to be rushed.”

The too good part was certainly true. I was shivering all over by the time he pulled out his hand to undress. As one, we quickly skimmed off our jeans, then turned back to face each other.

“Please,” I said as I scrambled to my knees. “I’ve got to see.”

Scrunching over on my haunches, I pushed him onto his back and bent down to examine his spectacular cock. I’d stared at his cock many times, but never had I gotten close enough to appreciate anything but its amazing size.

His bush was a tight mat that had a cropped look about it that was really neat. His balls weren’t solidly covered. Instead, there were individual, tight little curls of hair that lay flat against his flesh like hundreds of little coiled springs. They decorated rather than concealed. His equipment stood out in bold relief, almost as though he’d been shaved clean and then decorated with India ink. I could have drown on a mustache and it wouldn’t have looked any more unreal.

His cock was uncircumcised and the foreskin was long enough not only to cover his cockhead, but it extended out to form a pucker at the end. When I’d marveled at his dusty blackness and felt the surprising tender moistness of his skin, I peeled back his big banana and exposed the smoldering, humid purplish head.

“God! That’s beautiful, Nate,” I whispered.

“That’s enough,” he said. “Now lay our head down on my leg there, and let me have a look at that prick of yours.”

He lifted his leg so I could rest my head on his lower thigh. As I stretched out beside him, I pushed away his balls and saw his asshole, tight and inky black.

He began touching me then, peeling me back and running his fingertips teasingly over my head. I closed my eyes and sighed with contentment at the powerful sensations his caresses raised. He had the most gentle touch of anyone I'd ever known. It was so gentle that it was loving, and I decided that there was the difference. With Nate there very well could develop love.

I stroked my fingers over his bush, thrilling to the feel of his kinky bush, so cropped and thick and wiry. Every difference between us was a difference that excited me. I loved the look of his black hand against my white belly, the way his big frame hovered protectively around me, the feel of his cropped hair, whether it was his natural or the bush between his legs. We were as opposite as black and white, big and small, male and... no, dominant and recessive or positive and passive came closer. As opposites, we attracted and it was more than enough.

I kissed his prod, not greedily devouring it but pressing my love into its moist, feverish flesh. I felt the eye quiver against my lips and then a tear of passion oozed out to flavor my hungry kiss.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Nate groaned. Then he kissed me in the same loving way that I'd kissed him.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

My emotions agreed with his. I began licking his prickhead, lapping at him with gentle strokes like a mama cat cleaning her young. Almost before I began, he was doing the same thing to my cock. It wasn't copying. It was like we were both thinking with one mind.

My skin was jumping all over with excitement. My cock throbbed, and my chest was heaving as I fought desperately to breathe. And as I thought and felt these things, Nate put them into words.

"Lord, how you turn me on," he gasped. "I'm going to have a fuckin' heart attack if my ticker gets to pumping any harder. How about you?"

I took his hand and held it to my heart. I was gasping too much to try to talk.

He buried his face in my balls then and began worming his lips in deeper and deeper while I shuddered with the tortures of need. There were such potent sensations ripping through me that my entire body ached, and my cock was cramped into knots. It was so hard it felt brittle, too, as though if someone gave it a whack it would break in two. The cramp was almost a pain.

“Ungh!” I groaned, then I buried my face in Nate’s nuts so I could give him the same kind of hell. Before long we were both twisting and moaning for relief. When I couldn’t stand it any longer, I sucked my way up the length of his pole and pulled that sweet muthafucker in!

“Eyiiiiiiiiiii! Shhhhhhhhhhit!” he wailed.

Then he did the same for me.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!”

Gone was the ache. My cock was still cramped, but the ache was gone as a flood of sensual excitement washed through me. My passions skyrocketed. In that sweet, gently sucking mouth, I found all of the bliss any man could want. I reached the very brink of ecstasy when Nate forced our bodies apart.

“Dear God, don’t leave me hanging,” I begged.

“I won’t,” he promised. “I just want to hold you, Terry. Come up here and lay with me.”

I did as he asked, and he pushed me onto my back. Then he rolled lightly on top of me, holding himself a little with his elbows. His mouth crushed against mine in a long, searching kiss while our cocks were trapped together between our taut, sweating bellies. I was again content when he raised up and asked me to spread open my legs.

“You mean like a woman?” I said with distaste.

“Would it bother you so bad?” he asked. “I want to fuck you and kiss you at the same time.”

I opened my legs reluctantly, doubling them up around his chest for it took some doing to get that thick trunk of his into me from that angle. The moment his prickhead slid into my bowel, he put both arms around me and

claimed my mouth in a probing kiss. While his tongue stabbed, his cock slowly eased its way in.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm,” we purred in unison.

When his plummeting dick finally sounded my innermost depths, my cock was again trapped between us where he rolled it by rubbing bellies with me. The sensations it created were powerfully potent. I shuddered, unable to hold it all in.

“That isn’t so bad, is it?” he asked.

“Not when you hold me tight.”

“I won’t ever belittle you, Terry. If it makes you feel used to lie like this, just say the word.”

“Anything you do to me, Nate, is fine. I’ve waited for so long to get kissed. To get to jazz off while we’re in a clench sounds wild.”

How could I bitch about having to spread my legs after the screwing I’d taken from everyone else? Walt certainly hadn’t cared whether he belittled me or not when he went to fucking my ass. Shit! He’d never even let anyone see us together for fear people’d think we were friends. And Bull! He’d put me down every chance he got. Although he’d really turned me on, he’d never wanted to kiss me or treat me like I meant anything special to him.

Who the hell ever said sex was the most basic need? I wondered. The one thing I’d craved even more was to belong. With Nate I’d at last found a home. It didn’t matter that we didn’t have a place to hang our helmets or stash our bikes. From now on, where ever Nate was would be home.

He left his prod in to soak for a few minutes until we could catch our breath. We rubbed bellies a little, but that got me too hot so I soon had to quit. Then, when we’d caught our breath enough for it, Nate slowly pulled his dick out and pushed it back in.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, Jesus, that’s good!” I whispered.

“Take it easy,” he cautioned. “It’s not going to take much to make me blow.”

He held me loose then, kissing me and smiling at me as though we had all night, yet while this stalling was going on, both of us began to shake.

Out and in again his thick club moved, and again we both groaned. The smooth, greased feel of it jazzed me half out of my mind. All I wanted then was to cum.

“Fuck me deep, Nate,” I begged. “Screw that mutha in all the way!”

“I’m too friggin’ hot,” he groaned. “It’d make me cum.”

“Cum with me, Nate! I’m going to blow!”

He thrust at me then with all he had, ramming his huge trunk deep into my gut. His mouth ground against me and his tongue stabbed damn near into my mouth.

When Nate’s cock suddenly began to swell, I knew he was about to cum even before he cried, “Terry! Oh, my God!”

The terrible passion in his voice rasped through me, stimulating me almost as much as the feel of his spurting cream. My balls knotted, and at that moment Nate reached in between us and pushed my cock hard into his gut. Although he was in the middle of his own release, his fingers milked me until I gave up my cum.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

The tension within me shattered into a million warmly bathing fingers of relief. It was several minutes before either of us could move. Every part of my body began to cramp.

“Damn, that was great!” I said with a soul shattering sigh.

“Shit!” snorted Nate. “That set me up so good, I feel like riding on in to Sacramento tonight!”

It was the first time either of us ever picked up new energy from screwing around, but I felt the same as he did. Suddenly, I had whatever it might take to go all the way!

THE END